

LIFE

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in riot

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COVER—CO RENTMEESTER

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EDITORS' NOTE

Of Riots, Rifles and One Cursed Gun

The day after we close one issue we start in on the next. Usually, for the first four or five days the new issue forms slowly, with many false tries. We begin to settle on stories that have long been in the works and assign others that must be done in a hurry. But always we are listening for the new and sudden outbursts of man and his environment. When they come some stories give way, while others are accelerated.

As we began to piece together this issue, the rumblings from Watts, in Los Angeles, were still faint. Shana Alexander was making plans to leave California for New York City to write her column, "The Feminine Eye," on the new assault of the Beatles. Another writer, Keith Wheeler, was halfway through an exhaustive tracking—all the way back to its maker's bench in Italy in 1940—the infamous mail-order weapon that killed President Kennedy. But as the noise from Watts turned to thunder and teams of LIFE photographers and correspondents began their coverage, a young man Shana had met two years before suddenly became much more important than the Beatles. And the story of one gun—so easily acquired and so tragically used two years ago—became all at once no longer a subject for some future issue but exactly right and fitting in a week when so many guns were so easily acquired and so tragically used.

Nine men shared the risks of covering the wild riots in Watts: Photographers Co Rentmeester, Frank Dandridge, Henry Grossman and J. R. Eyerman, and Correspondents Don Moser, Joseph Bride, Jack Fincher, Marc Crawford and Bill Bruns. Dandridge and Crawford, both Negroes, found their color did not help. As rifles cracked, shotguns boomed and buildings burned, they cruised the streets, talking to rioters and taking pictures. They were rocked and threatened and reviled—and given warnings to get out while they were still alive.

Around noon on Friday, Rentmeester and Bruns found themselves in the thick of it. "When the looting began," says Bruns, "we drove up alongside a store and started shooting pictures through a window. Our vantage point was short-lived, for Negroes watching the looters started heaving bricks and bottles at our car. As we sped away, a crowbar winged across the windshield (see top picture, pp. 24, 25)." At one point Rentmeester and Bruns got separated. In due course Rentmeester showed up at our Los Angeles office after taking his pictures and flagging down a police car to catch a ride home. Now the problem was to locate Bruns. Moser and Bride turned to the police for help but were told the situation was too confused. Then, hiding on the floor of a car driven by a Negro friend, they themselves searched the riot area. Finally, toward midnight, they learned that Bruns was stranded in the riot area with four policemen. Our driver went and got him—and Rentmeester's film, which makes up much of this story.



RENTMEESTER IN LOS ANGELES



Some Negroes Riot But Most Go Forward

When Martin Luther King, with the powerful force of nonviolence at his disposal, marched from Selma to demand votes for Alabama Negroes, he gave such an impetus to the federal voting rights law that the President of the U.S. linked Selma with Lexington and Concord in the history of freedom. Mr. J. L. Jackson, Mrs. Linzzo and the Reverend Mr. Reeb—one Negro and two whites—are accounted martyrs of Selma because they lost their lives for a cause they believed in. With and without martyrs, the Negro rights movement has had many triumphs these last 10 years, including Thurgood Marshall's court fights and the breathtakingly peaceful march on Washington two years ago. It appealed to the conscience and creed of the nation.

How different the battle of Los Angeles! It cost the lives of 28 Negroes and five whites whose names few knew and fewer will remember. It will not rank in the history books with Lexington, Concord or *Brown vs. Board of Education*. It goes instead into the sad slag heap of anonymous, purposeless, patternless and leaderless mob frenzies of which we have already had too many. Detroit 1913: 34 killed. Orange County, Florida 1920: 35 killed. Chicago 1919: 38 killed. East St. Louis, Illinois 1917: at least 49 killed, possibly more.

So East St. Louis holds the modern carnage record, and who remembers what that race war was about? Who were its heroes, villains or notable participants? There were none. Neither white nor black historians have recorded from those grisly conflicts a single memorable slogan, incident or name. They are the rubble of our past, of interest only to a few sociologists sifting the causes of disaster. One name emerges from Los Angeles: Marquette Frye, the drunken driver whose arrest triggered the catastrophe. With his historian, black or white, rank him with Crispus Attacks of the Boston Massacre or Nat Turner of the real slave rebellion? The Negroes of Watts, God pity them, have died to history for lack of a clear purpose or cause.

The Los Angeles riot was not the most lethal of these mindlessly violent blanks in our history nor will it be the last. Months ago the Federal Community Relations Service assigned conciliators to

nine cities where such an outbreak could be expected and where a chance match is all the stacked tinder needs. In the Los Angeles tinder an important ingredient was the Negroes' resentment of Police Chief Parker (see p. 31) and what they considered his double standard toward Negroes and whites. The white liberals of Los Angeles, who knew about this resentment, used to criticize Chief Parker for inviting it. Not now. To most white Angelenos and at least some Negroes he has become Mr. Law and Order, and in their gratitude they overlook that his police could not enforce law and order without the help of 15,000 National Guardsmen.

In other tinder-box communities cop-hating is a less inflammable factor—notably in Harlem, a far worse slum than Watts, which has had a Negro precinct captain since its riot of last year. From city to city the ingredients of danger vary in ways for the sociologists to figure out. But race hate is also a nationwide problem and there are some aspects of violence that anyone should be able to figure out.

The payoff of violence is a brief exhilaration, then suffering; nothing more. Violence did not assuage the hate that burned in Watts; it burns still. The four days of terror were followed by insidious fear. This fear spread from black to white Los Angeles and many white people felt it with shame. "I saw three teen-age Negro boys walking on the street in my neighborhood this morning," said a church worker, "and I was shocked at myself. They scared me."

As hate was not exorcised, neither was injustice corrected by the violence. Negroes, their lives and property, were the chief victims of Negro rage. Most Negroes so yearn for law and order that many in Watts seem ready now to put up with the police chief they hated. He is the man who announced the end of the riot with the phrase, "We are on top and they are on the bottom," and that is the way it will evidently remain for a while.

But that is a very poor definition of law and order in the long run, for Los Angeles or any other city. Los Angeles now has the difficult task of discovering the sources of its hate and violence and remedying them. For example, it must ask why it helped repeal the California fair-housing law last year, a deliberate rebuff to the expectations of equal treatment that had

brought so many thousands of Southern Negroes to California. For another example, it must find a way through the political stalemate that has denied to Los Angeles the federal anti-poverty programs it so badly needs.

While Los Angeles searches for its answers, the rest of urban America had better search too. Only last fortnight, when he signed the voting rights bill, President Johnson said, "Today we strike away the last major shackle" of the ancient bonds; "Today the Negro story and the American story fuse and blend." At the federal level, the Negro has indeed achieved about all the equality that law can give. But the enforcement of the laws is still far from equal in many cities. Anyway the promise of American democracy has always aroused expectations that take more than laws to fulfill.

To many the Los Angeles violence seems strangely timed, so soon after the great Negro achievement of the voting bill. But it is the nature of revolutions (and Negro equality is a revolution) to discover new demands after the first ones are achieved. The remaining grievances of the Negro are social and personal and will be satisfied only by the personal conquest, in black and white individuals and neighborhoods, of suspicion, fear and hate. White people do not bridge this gap by treating Negroes as an undifferentiated and underprivileged mass, nor yet by indulging them like children out of a misplaced sense of inherited guilt.

It was an irresponsible Negro who said to a rally that led to 22 arrests in Hartford last week, "Every cop is your enemy, whether he's black or white." But it was a former U.S. Attorney General who allowed his sympathy with slum-dwellers' problems to lead him to say something almost as mischievous. "There is no point in telling Negroes to obey the law. To many Negroes, the law is the enemy," said Senator Robert Kennedy. But to the great majority of Negroes, the law is not the enemy at all. It is certainly not the enemy of the Negro revolution, nor does it so figure in most individual Negroes' aspiring dreams.

The Negro revolution aims at full equality within and under the law, the kind other Americans have always enjoyed. This equality must include the right of both whites and Negroes to treat each other as responsible individuals and to criticize each other when occasion demands. It is no service to the Negro revolution either to begrudge Negro rights or to exaggerate them, nor to mistake its pathologies for its true goals.

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Becket: a Saint's Tale Stunningly Retold

THOMAS
by SHELLEY MYDANS (Doubleday & Co.) \$5.95

The story of Thomas Becket—one of the most dramatic tales of the Middle Ages—has not relaxed its spell for us in the 20th Century. In our time the late T. S. Eliot made it the subject of his most successful play, *Murder in the Cathedral*. Jean Anouilh followed with his play *Becket*—though that has two significant departures from historical truth: Anouilh made Becket a Savon (he was pure Norman) and he read into the emotional relationship between King Henry II and his favorite, who became his enemy, the same fashionable homoerotic undertone which was emphasized in the splendid film *Becket*, made from the play.

Now Shelley Mydans comes along with a novelized biography which is a work of real distinction and on which she has spent nearly 10 years. It is a beautiful book, beautifully written. It is a mark against our time that one should have to justify that monument. Here it means: no overwriting, no rindity, no vulgarity, as in so many historical novels today. More positively, there is real poetry, a constant sense of the beauty of landscape and scene, a searching sympathy for the springs and expressions of human character, an acute sense of the time, a scholarly and poetic fidelity to its atmosphere which, after all, is the essential thing in a historical novel.

Mrs. Mydans concentrates her light on Becket, and he has almost all her sympathy and love. Not but what there are good portraits of other characters who formed or touched that brilliant circle—it is extraordinary how many gifted and brilliant men it produced! There was the great Archbishop Theobald, the greater writer John of Salisbury, the lawyers and scribes, an ecclesiastical statesman like Gilbert Foliot (the tragedy would never have come about if Henry had made him Archbishop of Canterbury instead of the redoubtable Thomas), and Henry II himself, an exceedingly able ruler.

King Henry certainly made a mistake in insisting that his favorite, who had been a competent chancellor and his leading minister, become archbishop. Henry should have known his man better. For the mar-

row of Becket's character was pride and a desire to excel. Hitherto Becket had been a gifted administrator and diplomat, a gay companion of the king in war and out-of-door sports, good with horse and hawk. Henry made him archbishop to do the king's will and subordinate Church to State. Becket had far too high a view of himself and his new-found vocation to become Henry's instrument in this. He asserted the primacy of the Church; always a celibate and chaste even in his secular days—a suspicious trait—he now became an ascetic, trod the path to sainthood, and by doing so deliberately provoked and challenged the king.

There followed the eight-year-long struggle between the two former friends which ended with Becket's martyrdom at Canterbury. By sacrificing his own life Becket won the ultimate victory. When Henry later was faced with the rebellion of his own son, he called upon his martyred friend to help him: "St. Thomas, guard my kingdom for me! Unto you I confess my guilt of that for which others are blamed."

Mrs. Mydans does not go beyond the martyrdom to cite that quotation, but she tells the story of the conflict with all its dramatic twists and turns, its vivid scenes, all the pathos of a friendship broken and turned into searing enmity, with skill and conscientious artistry. It is, of course, a woman's portrait of a towering and magnetic personality; masculine historians are less favorable to Thomas. He had a great sense of himself; he was a magnificent actor; he was a passionate man, with no wish to compromise. Possibly more to the point, he was an obsessed man, a possessed man. Perhaps Thomas was, after all, a saint? Certainly, immediately following his death, the people thought so, not only in England but all over Europe. He died in 1170. He was canonized in 1173.

The subject is inexhaustibly fascinating. This book is a stunning contribution to our understanding of it.

Dr. Rowse, a Shakespearean scholar, published a biography of Christopher Marlowe earlier this year.

by A. L. Rowse

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you admit
you're
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The dealer even drew a little map

This is a sad little story with a happy ending. For a working title, let's just call it *I Was A Prisoner On An Expressway At 60 Miles An Hour Until I Finally Saw A Familiar Sign And Next Time I'll Know Better.*

The whole thing started with a snap decision to drop everything and visit Elsie's sister in White Bluff. Elsie's other sister, Ann, wanted to come along. So OK. I cleared the office and we were off on our 527 mile See America Fast tour. At about three in the afternoon of the second day, things got a little confused. Since we had last come this way, a new section of the expressway had been completed and our landmarks had disappeared. The turnoffs were few and far between. Had we gone too far? Not far enough? Then: NEXT EXIT 7 MILES.

That did it. When we finally left the ramp, we were right in the middle of town. We were lost. But not for long. From the expressway we had seen something familiar, poking its head into the sky. It was the Torch and Oval, and its running mate, the "As You Travel, Ask Us" sign *had* to be just below it. It was, just as it is at Randy's American Service in my home town. The dealer got us straightened out in a hurry, even drew a little map to show us how and where to get on and off the expressway.

The happy ending? Well, it's sort of financial. We decided to eat before we landed unannounced on Elsie's sister and right next door to the restaurant was a hat shop. My Wife, The Navigator, bought a funny looking hat and it only cost me three bucks.

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Johnny's Daring Darling

DARLING
directed by John Schlesinger

The first two movies of the English director, John Schlesinger, were unaccountably underrated when they were released in this country, though *A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar* both revealed a superior talent for subtle, biting social satire. I hope that *Darling*, Schlesinger's latest, will finally establish him where he belongs—in the very first rank of the younger directors.

Darling is the story of the worldly rise and inner collapse of Diana Scott, a London model, from her beginnings in the brasserie ads, upward through the new demimonde of the arts and communications (which produced Christine Keeler) to her final, hollow triumph—a chic marriage to a minor but rich Italian nobleman. Refreshingly, this is not a tale of innocence betrayed or about the first flowering of a bad seedling. It is, instead, simply a tragically comic how moral quality can fall any one of us in the contemporary world—that by itself, much, but by just enough.

Diana's problem is not she is an ordinarily pretty, ordinarily intelligent, ordinarily decent person who would like to lead a life in which she is neither particularly bored nor particularly bad, because although she has just enough quality to know that something has gone wrong for her, she does not have quite enough to rise above her weaknesses—and the world's. She imagines the right goals—that is always easy to do—but she can't imagine taking the proper practical steps to attain them. That is the hard part, as everyone sooner or later realizes.

If all this sounds a little too finely tuned, a little too useful to make an effective movie, don't be put off. There is genuine will-ache or won't-she-make-it suspense in Diana's moral tinkering, thanks to a performance by Julie Christie which is pure gold. This is characterization such as one rarely sees. By turns willful and willing, greedy and contrite, intelligent and self-deceiving, innocent and teasing, funny and touching, Miss Christie gives us the agonies, the too-

occasional pleasures of free young womanhood in a poignant, unsentimental and never hysterical fashion.

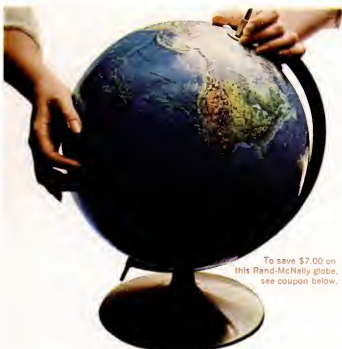
Almost as good is Dirk Bogarde's performance as her first lover—and only love. An integrity-ridden journalist who has the best chance to save her, he is just a little too steady, a little too square to cope. Laurence Harvey again plays one of his patented ultramodern stinkers, and he too is most effective as he helps Miss Christie take a giant step down the road to her peculiar hell.

But in the end, this is Schlesinger's picture—one of those really fine works of leisure direction which, for the most part, resist the temptation to underline or otherwise call attention to its own skill. Schlesinger's talent, like Miss Christie's, is for wonderfully elaborate embroidery, deepening, enriching and further illuminating the basic thread of his work. It is complex but never confusing, for his touch is near perfect.

I especially like the hordes of bored, frightened, cruel, decayed Hogarthian faces which Schlesinger uses, with devastating effect, as live scenery. These, he says, are the faces of our time; and they come as a shock and a revelation. There are his set pieces: a charity gambling party, the opening of an art show, a man-in-the-street TV interview show, a ghastly suburban dinner party, admen in meeting assembled to choose a new "Happiness Girl." Capri in scarlet, shoplifting in Fortnum and Mason's, a mock newsreel of Diana's marriage to her prince. The emptiness of it all is caught in a few quick winks by a wicked and restless camera eye which never lingers to restate a point well made.

More important, Schlesinger's range forces us to see that there is no essential difference between Diana's world and our own; indeed her world could not exist without our acquiescence and envious curiosity. The moral sensibility of those men on the street, those newsreel watchers, is no better than hers; they are no more capable of fine distinctions than she is. In short, Diana is something of a modern Everywoman and no easy moral can be drawn from her story. It is not even easy tragedy, since she does not, in the end, choose either reform or suicide. Schlesinger is too honest to indulge in such dramatizations. Diana simply settles for what she has, the empty and loveless grandeur of her Italian villa. When we last hear of her she is selling the story of her life to a women's magazine. What else can you do with goodness—or with badness which is only ordinary?

by Richard Schickel



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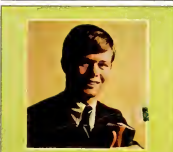
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HERE'S HOW YOU WIN OFFICIAL RULES

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4. Sweepstakes closes October 15, 1965. All winning claims must be postmarked by that date and be received by October 23, 1965.
5. Only one winner per family.
6. Decision of the judges final.
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The Duke Clicks in Squaresville

ELLINGTON
AT THE PHILHARMONIC

There was nothing too significant about Duke's recent appearance with Arthur Fiedler's Boston Pops at Tanglewood—Ellington has played piano with plenty of top symphonies. Nor was his new composition, premiered a few days later by the New York Philharmonic, without precedent—he had written several big symphonic compositions earlier. But this one did make news. In fact, it turned out to be a pivotal work in Duke's long, variegated career.

The piece is about 18 minutes long and it is called, for some reason that eludes a rational explanation, even by Duke, *The Golden Broomstick and the Green Apple*. The music has charm, vitality and form; it could stand quite comfortably beside Ravel's *La Valse* or a modern ballet score. The first movement is, in fact, a lilting waltz shot through with shifting rhythmic currents and splendid harmonies that glint and fade. The second sings a comparatively sweet song, in which accompanying winds rise angrily to menace the melody. The third shuffles and romps all the way home, only to die on a plaintive note.

Beneath all this is the unmistakable fact that this is Negro music. Not false, not unlike-spiritual, no feeling of apothecosis—just jazz. The orchestra is always propelled by the steady, syncopated pulse provided by a jazz drummer (Duke had brought back Louis Bellson, who last played with him 12 years ago). There are passionately dissonant blasts that turn light-hearted with the twist of an afterbeat; there are the strangely graceful grunts of the brasses and the giddy French horns made to rag like a sax section; and there are elegant violinists that go unexpectedly lowdown. These are the syntax of jazz, and their appearance here is no accident: most of them were inured and compelled by Ellington himself—and the band he has maintained almost without interruption for 12 years.

His method has been like that of a folk-song collector, his source the most colorful jazz sidemen he could assemble. He made them comfortable (the

lack of discipline in the Ellington band is the scandal and the envy of the business) and let them blow the way they felt it. A lick here, a riff there, a growl between. Much of this was junked or filed away, but precious bits were retained and refined and frozen into the contours of a *Mood Indigo*, an *East St. Louis Toodle-Do*, a *Crook Lane Call*.

Thus the mass of Ellington songs (some 1,500 of them) became a reservoir of musical vernacular which he has drawn on for *Golden Broomstick*. The songs, on another level, form a kind of tonal group portrait of the Negro soul that black and white men can contemplate with pleasure and without embarrassment. It was not always thus—in the early days, the sensuality of *Sophisticated Lady*, the moodiness of *Black and Tan Fantasy*, the ribald gaiety of *Stompy Jones* often frightened new listeners back into the snow-white arms of Guy Lombardo. But it was Ellington's destiny to be writing strong stuff at a time when the races were drawing together, and today his music is about as scary to white audiences as Ralph Bunche is to a Sears-Roebuck women's club.

Ellington's songs may have given him the kind of social freedom that fellow Negroes are still struggling for, but they have also tended to confine him to the jukebox world of jazz. He has longed to break out. His first big concert work was *Black, Brown and Beige*, written for his first Carnegie Hall concert in 1943. Everybody wanted to like it but few succeeded. It was too easygoing to live among the sacred echoes of the classics. Other concert pieces followed—*Libertarian Suite*, *Night Creature*, *Perfume Suite*—all strong on atmosphere and feeling, but architecturally shaky. Most of them comprise episodes, each as clearly defined as a popular song, separated by vague interludes for piano.

Golden Broomstick is another matter, and its success is not just a case of changing times. It is imperfect, to be sure, in ways that come from Ellington's still-limited experience with the symphonic medium, and it betrays in its relentless busyness his insecurity in the face of all those square musicians at Philharmonic Hall. But it is real music. At 66, Duke Ellington has become a National Resource. And he has established, thank goodness, that winning equal rights on the white man's podium does not mean giving up the precious musical heritage of the black man.

A composer and free-lance music critic, Carter Harman is presently at work on a book on Duke Ellington.

by Carter Harman



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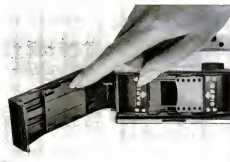
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE ISSUE

Sirs:
Photographers John Dominis, Bill Ray, Loomis Dean and Priya Ramrakha have proved it again (Aug. 6). As the originator, LIFE is still undisputed master of one of the major tools of modern journalism—the photo essay. Ray's portfolio on the naval war in Vietnam was balanced perfectly by Dominis' "The Island," Ramrakha and Dean graphically express the personality of their subjects, Patrick Hemingway and El Cordobes. Thank you for a beautiful issue.

DAVID H. JACOBS

Hartford, Conn.

DOMINICA

Sirs:
Both the photography of "The Island" (Aug. 6) and the words are enchanting.

A high school teacher of mine once gave me words to remember: "Prose walks; poetry flies." The essay, photographs and copy, is sheer poetry.

HELAINE OROLSKY

Carlstadt, N.J.

Sirs:
I am 13 and used to the neon-sign-lit, rock 'n' roll, crazy world. Those gorgeous pictures made me want to abandon everything and go on this island for about a year. Everything looked so green and peaceful and beautiful.

(Of course I might miss the rock 'n' roll.

FRANK BART

Studio City, Calif.

EL CORDOBES

Sirs:
It's people like El Cordobes who make people like me a bull-ringing fan against my will ("The Beak of the Bull Ring," Aug. 6).

Mrs. SEQUOYAH L. PAYNE
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:
The bull, which has been punched, slapped, taunted and tortured, you term "murderous." This word might better be applied to the bullfighters and patrons of these barbarous orgies.

BEATRICE R. WILLIAMS
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I saw El Cordobes fight in Mazatlan, Mexico last March. His second bull was a magnificent beast who tirelessly

responded to the jabbing signals of the cape, and El Cordobes worked it in such tight circles about himself that his satin pants were soon smeared with the bull's blood. When El Cordobes faced the bull for its final charge, in passing he threw away the sword to lightly touch the animal on the shoulder and the crowd was then aware that the gallant bull's life had been spared.

However, the defiant and suspicious bull refused to leave the ring. After many futile attempts to maneuver the bull outside the ring, finally El Cordobes with a sharp twist of its tail and with a heave of his shoulder shoved the animal through the gate.

PATRICIA L. MOORE

San Diego, Calif.

THE NAVY AT VIETNAM

Sirs:
On behalf of nine officers' wives, may I say that it has raised the morale of many a Navy wife just to know that finally the general public has been told the role of the United States Navy in Vietnam ("The Long Guns Flash on the South China Sea," Aug. 6).

MRS. JAMES L. WISE

Honolulu, Hawaii

Sirs:
We at the United States Naval Academy read your superb story on Lt. Raymond Paul Fig. U.S. Navy, of the Naval Academy Class of 1960 with a great deal of interest. I immediately sent for his academy record and found that we could have guessed ahead of time that he would handle himself as well as he did. He started in "Aptitude for the Service" and stood No. 1 in his class of 798 in over-all conduct. And when he entered the academy as a plebe he was one of the very few men who achieved an absolutely perfect score on the academy's aptitude tests.

DRAPER L. KAUFMAN
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy
Superintendent
United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Sirs:
The aircraft pictured being catapulted from the aircraft carrier *Midway* is indeed an F-8 and a jet but it is the Crusader rather than the Corsair as you said. Built more than 20 years ago, the Corsair was a propeller plane, instrumental in achieving air superiority in the Pacific in World War II.

LT. JON R. GIBSON, USMC
Corpus Christi, Texas

TEEN-AGE FALL FASHIONS

Sirs:
In regard to your fashion article, "Girls and Machine Turn Up to Spot Style Trends" (Aug. 6), if this mode of dress is going to continue, I am glad I can sew.

JULIE BICKUS

Bloomington, Ill.

Sirs:
The computer is flagrantly misused in our society today by employing it to make "quicker predictions."

The teen-ager (and I am one) is certainly a phenomenon that is wielding a psychotic affliction on our society. Combining the two doesn't help matters much.

GORDON BROWN

Northridge, Calif.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:
It's reassuring to know that a few people do believe that isolationism is indeed obsolescent in the world of today, and that there is no such thing as "limited commitment" ("Johnson Means Business in Vietnam," Aug. 6). I believe in peace too, but only with eventual freedom for all peoples as its ultimate goal.

MARY M. FUJINO

Stockton, Calif.

Sirs:
Why do you advise us to waste thousands of American men and millions of dollars on the hopeless fiasco in Vietnam?

Why not advise us to remain militarily strong, but to concentrate our efforts on psychological warfare with Communism? Why don't you advise us to outwit Communism by being first on the scene with our excessive productivity to help less fortunate peoples rather than always last with nothing to contribute but brute military might? Surely it must cost less to help a man than kill him.

GERALD F. HARRIS

Elmira, N.Y.

PANCZKO BROTHERS

Sirs:
I lived in Chicago until two years ago, and when I read your article on the Panczko brothers, "Brotherly Boom in Burgaries" (Aug. 6), a wave of nostalgia swept over me. They are part of the mood of the city. Only in Chicago

would you find them and the slapstick comedy of the city council meetings.

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
A Damon Runyon story come to life.

M. SMITH

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:
The story shows once again how the criminal element and loophole lawyers are making fools of the courts and justice in general.

PATROLMAN FRANK GRUBER

Lockland Police Department
Lockland, Ohio

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sirs:
I doubt that talking of or remembering the late President Kennedy will keep him from "resting in peace" as Margaret Wead's letter (Aug. 6) seems to indicate. If such were the case, poor Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and others! By remembrance we renew ourselves and establish living contact with a dead man. As Samuel Butler said, "Yet meet we shaft, and part, and meet again, I Where dead men meet, not on lips of living men."

NIELS NIELSEN

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs:
Historians and journalists have an obligation to record for history all they can assemble concerning all our Presidents. How else can our children learn the true meaning of democracy?

THEL POLM

DuBois, Pa.

LIFE REVIEWS

Sirs:
Critic Richard Schickel's *Ship of Fools* review missed the boat. And he failed miserably in completely ignoring mention of the brilliant portrayals by Vivien Leigh and Simone Signoret.

DON MCCULLY

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Sirs:
Mr. Schickel's review makes me feel less of an idiot when I tell people about *Ship of Fools* and its demerits and questionable merits. The real *Ship of Fools* was that two-block-long line waiting in front of the theater to see the film.

ELIZABETH RUBIN

New York, N.Y.

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR Fashion Fireworks from Paris

The most vivid fall clothes in years

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Pavilions on a platform make a sunny vacation house

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How terrorists try to subjugate the Vietnamese
By a LIFE correspondent who lived in a beleaguered Vietnam village

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My friend in Watts

A fascination with the fact that the finest flowers often sprout from the worst dungheaps is what first got me interested in Watts, California two years before the riots there. The flower in question was a young man named Stan Sanders, Watts-born and raised, who had just been selected as one of America's first two Negro Rhodes scholars. What fascinated me most about Stan, aside from his extraordinary string of accomplishments and his great sweetness of nature, was that the more I came to know about him, the more I began to suspect that he had got that way not so much in spite of Watts as in some strange way because of it. Although the ghetto damages most of its inhabitants, some are spared and sometimes even cast far higher up the beach than they could otherwise expect, and this seemed to be what had happened in Stan's case. He had been president of his junior and senior high schools in Watts, and by the time I met him as a college senior, he was the wildly popular student body president of Whittier College, and a small college All-American football player. Indeed he had just turned down a \$13,000 offer from the Chicago Bears in order to accept what he considered the better offer from the Rhodes committee. He seemed able to move back and forth between the all-white world of Whittier and the all-black world of Watts with particular grace and skill. His sober Mayan-mask features exploding often and freely into an amazing Walt Disney smile. His special taste and talent was for leadership; his idol was Gandhi; he was thinking of becoming a Quaker, and his ambition was to study law and then return to Watts to practice and enter politics.

In the six months before he went to England, Stan and I had many long talks. I wanted to write something about Stan and his family and Watts which would also make a comment about American Negro life today. Even without the crowning ornament of Stan, the Sanderses are a most unusual clan. Like many newcomers to Watts, Stan's parents came there as Southern field hands. Unlike most, they stayed. Stan's father drove a city garbage truck for 28 years, and Stan was born in the front bedroom of the tiny bungalow where the family still lives. In 1952 the oldest Sanders boy, Big Ed, became Olympic heavyweight boxing champion. Then, when Stan was 12, Ed

turned pro and was killed in the ring. Stan's sister is married to Earl Battey, All-Star catcher for the Minnesota Twins. When Mr. Sanders retired at 65, he enrolled in the sixth grade at the same Watts school where Stan had been president. Stan's family went there too, and when I first knew the family, three generations of Sanderses used to sit around the same big table together doing their homework. What fascinated me most about these people was that, under the most deprived and unlikely of circumstances, the Sanderses came closer than any other family I knew—white or black—to embodying the old-fashioned American Dream. Family stability, warmth, closeness, poverty, hard work and individual success were all represented at that table in truly staggering amounts. The central reason for this, I concluded, was that these were among the last people in America who still believed in the Dream in a totally un cynical way. Cynical myself. I sometimes thought that only the parents' lack of education could make such wholehearted belief possible. At the same time it was clear that the staunchness of the belief was what was making the Dream come true.

Alas, I never wrote the story. On paper, I could not make the Sanders family come alive. But over the next two years we kept in touch. Stan, I knew, was getting a full European education—letters arrived from Paris cafes and Danish beaches as well as the Oxford cloisters—but I couldn't readily picture him in any of these places. In my mind's eye he was always where I'd first seen him in Watts: sitting in the back of an open convertible, waving and grinning and leading a parade from Los Angeles City Hall down the main street of Watts to celebrate Stan Sanders Day. The sidewalks were lined with cheering citizens and the festivities wound up with a sort of Stan Sanders this-is-your-life pageant in the high school auditorium. The Day, as he always called it, was certainly the biggest thing that ever happened to Stan and, until last week, I suspect it was also the biggest thing that ever happened to Watts.

All morning long on Friday the 13th, when the riots began to look really bad, I tried to call the Sanders house, but the line was busy. (Stan had returned to Los Angeles a couple of weeks earlier to see his family before starting Yale Law School in the fall.) Finally I reached his sister who told me she was keeping her three children indoors and that Stan had gone off to City Hall to see what he could do.

That morning the burning began. Stan first saw the flames from the freeway as he was driving back home from his fruitless trip. "Shana, don't come down here!" was the first thing he said on the phone. "Watts is burning. The authorities are saying: Let the niggers burn themselves up!" Then he faltered, cursed and hung up.

We arranged to meet the next morning. Stan was still wearing the same dapper "ice cream" suit I'd helped pick out before he went away to Oxford, but it looked filthy and he told me he'd been on the street in the middle of the riot all night, trying to help out some Negro newsman friends. Stan himself had regained his characteristic Buddha-like composure and I was sure his slow, 40-beat athlete's pulse was back to normal after the previous day's emotional outburst, and the night of violence that followed. I read him something from my 2-year-old notebook: "There are degrees of being a Negro. I don't think like a Negro but like a human being. If somebody wants to reject me on the basis of color, that's his problem, not mine." Do you still feel that way, I asked?

"I feel like a schizophrenic," he replied. The riot had made him realize that at any moment he might literally be forced to choose between the white world and the black, and there could be no question what his choice would be. Stan also felt deep despair. "In Europe, sometimes, I used to have a fantasy of a riot at home—Watts had been due for this for a long time—but I always imagined myself quelling it. Last night I found I was just as helpless as before I left."

But I first sensed the real change in Stan when I asked what it felt like to see rubble filling the same streets which had contained the Stan Sanders Day parade. "I find the Day and the riots absolutely compatible," he said. "A community takes pride in things it has achieved. Then it vents its hatred against the thing it despises." At the height of the violence, he went on, he found himself joyously speaking the nitty-gritty Negro argot he hadn't used since junior high, and despite the horrors of the night, this morning he felt a strange pride in Watts. "As a riot," he told me, "it was a masterful performance. I sense a change there now, a buzz, and it tickles. For the first time people in Watts feel a real pride in being black. I remember, when I first went to Whittier, I worried that if I didn't make it there, if I was rejected, I wouldn't have a place to go back to. Now I can say: 'I'm from Watts.'"



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LIFE

WASHINGTON Aug. 27, 1965



Out of a Cauldron of Hate



—Arson and Death

FURY IN LOS ANGELES. Smoke, flames and shimmering heat waves rise from surplus store set ablaze by Negro looters who crowd into adjoining supermarket as firemen futilely pull hoses along the street.



ANGER UNLEASHED. A young mechanic, who took grim joy in looting and throwing rocks, wears a "do-rag" on his new hair-do as he pours out hatred of whites, especially white cops.

'Get Whitey!' The War Cry That Terrorized Los Angeles

On the flaming streets of Los Angeles, the face of hatred came suddenly into the open. It was hatred which has festered in the South and the ghettos of the North and erupted now in the West on a terrifying scale.

It began with a minor police arrest in the Watts section of Los Angeles, the poorest of the city's

Negro districts, where the golden dream of California has turned most sharply to dross. Swarms of Negroes grew into roaming mobs, looting, burning, beating, to the war cry of "Get Whitey." It became a war, fought on a sprawling 3,000-square-block battlefield where tense National Guardsmen with bright bayonets and machine

guns faced bricks and bottles, gasoline bombs, sniper fire. Dead and wounded fell in the streets. Whole neighborhoods went up in flames. It was the most destructive race riot in U.S. history—but it did nothing to ease the poisonous hatred in Negro districts everywhere; rather it fed the fear that grows between white and black Americans.



Photographed by Co Rentmeester, J. R. Eyerman, Henry Grossman



BAYONETS IN THE STREETS. The first of 13,000 National Guardsmen, called in when police were unable to cope with the riot, move warily into the area. As the tense young soldiers

marched, their colonel kept shouting over a loudspeaker, "I command you to get off those streets and into your homes." People got off—but came back on when the Guards had passed.



STABBED PASSERBY. A Mexican falls bleeding in the street as a deputy comes up. He had been grabbed by Negroes as he walked through the neighborhood and knifed repeatedly.



GUARD CASUALTY. This first Guard patrol soon had a casualty. A young sergeant was hit by a car trying to crash the soldiers' blockade line, suffered a concussion and leg fracture.



MOB IN ACTION Negroes charge through the Watts section, center of the most wanton rioting, throwing rocks at passing autos. The man at right center has just heaved a crowbar.

Rock-Throwers on a Rampage, a Rioter Nailed



COPS IN ACTION. Police shoot up an auto that had tried to plow through a National Guard line, putting bullet holes through the windshield and

wounding the driver. They order a passenger out at gun point, grab him (right) and throw him bleeding to the ground so they can search him.







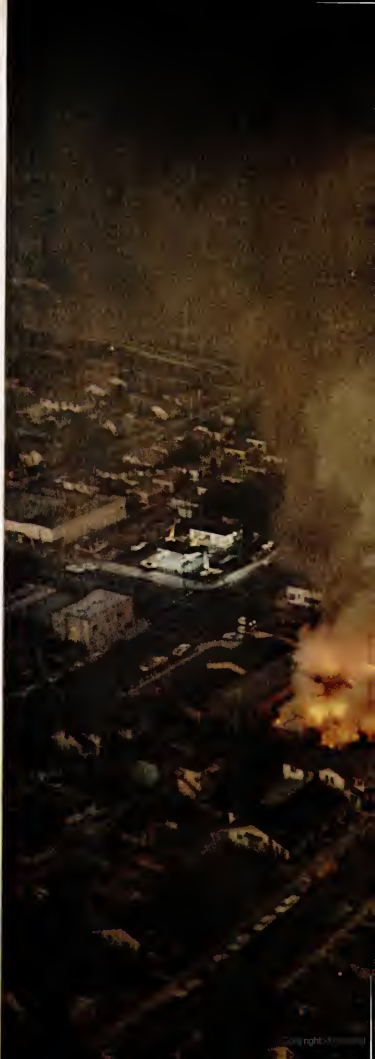
BLAZING STORE. Policemen, unable to do anything, drive past store which was looted and then set afire.

GUARDING FIREMEN. Guardsmen (below) with rifles and pistols protect firemen fighting paint store blaze.



ARSONISTS' WORK. Burning block, set afire by rioters in the southeast section of Los Angeles, guts a cluster

of stores. The rioters tried to burn only stores, though the fires spread to some homes owned by Negroes.



In a Roaring Inferno 'Burn, Baby, Burn'

I was cruising along Firestone Avenue with Photographer Frank Dandridge when we came on the trio at the Volume Food Centers supermarket. There were a driver, a lookout and a man at the store window holding a towel. The way they went about their job of arson indicated they had done it many times before. The driver kept hands on the steering wheel, motor running. The lookout studied us, but since Frank and I are both Negroes, he turned away. The man in front of the window carefully wiped his fingerprints from a gasoline-filled Coke bottle and placed it just inside the broken window. He walked over to the 1958 white Pontiac and picked up four more bottles. He wiped each of them, then he set them inside the store window. A police car turned into Firestone a block and a half away, siren wailing.

"Time," the lookout said. The man at the window lit something and dashed to the car. The Pontiac roared away. There were six popping sounds, and the supermarket exploded into flame. Negroes on the corner smiled, their faces shining in the bright red night.

By the time the firemen could get there, about an hour later, the

adjoining buildings were ablaze. The wonder is that the firemen got there at all. They were given the right not to enter any areas under gunfire. But they went in, climbing ladders into the flames while Negroes threw bricks and screamed: "Burn, baby, burn!"

Negroes thrilled at their own handiwork. At last "Whitey" was reacting to them. Set a fire and Whitey has to take cognizance of you; Whitey's buildings were burning. "I wouldn't give a goddam if they burned my house down as long as I could get his," one Negro said. "Mine ain't worth a damn nohow. He's the one with everything to lose."

But the businesses of Negroes were not safe either. Signs sprouted on Negro stores. "Blood Brother," "Negro owned, please, thank you," "Negro owned and operated—we shall overcome."

As a Negro, I know how the Negro victims of this riot felt. I can still hear the rioters' laughter and the sound of their bricks thudding off my car. I lived as a youngster in Detroit through the riot of 1943, and covered the Harlem riot last year. But for the first time in my life I was afraid of Negroes.

MARC CRAWFORD



MELON BREAK. Firemen munch on watermelon to soothe their throats, parched by flame and smoke. After

several firemen were wounded by sniper bullets, Marine Corps flak suits were borrowed and worn as armor.

Wild Plundering— Grab It and Run



FRANTIC PILLAGERS. In a frenzy of looting, usually law-abiding citizens, even women and children, ransacked more than 700 stores. Above they strip drug shelves in a Watts shop.

ALMOST CAUGHT. As someone yells "Police, Police" and a siren wails, a gang of looters grab all they can from a grocery store and dash for home, spilling plunder all over the street.



CART OF BOOTY. Their shopping cart loaded down after a quick raid on a grocery store, Negroes try to get it over hoses from fire engine fighting two blazes in the neighborhood.

LETHAL PRIZE. Youth in blue shorts climbs through the liquor store window (right) and gets a bigger prize than any of his friends got. At far right he comes out holding a rifle.



OF LOS ANGELES SHERIFF'S DEPT. MEN



TWO LITTLE PRISONERS. Leo Kidd, 12, and his frightened 9-year-old brother Randy are lined up in front of

sheriff's truck for a police mug shot. Booking officer crouches beside them. The boys were charged with looting a

liquor store, later were released to their parents. Police arrested some 500 children under 18 during the riots.

There's No Easy Place To Pin the Blame

by DON MOSER

The pathetic sight of small children being mugged into the police files (left) was enough to set sociologists astir. The staggering statistics of the larger phenomenon—34 dead, 891 injured, 3,758 arrested, 201 buildings totally destroyed by fire, 536 buildings damaged or looted, property damage approaching \$200 million—set in motion across the nation an epi-

demic of soul-searching. Politicians, psychologists, educators, civil rights leaders and hosts of others joined the sociologists in pondering the causes. They nearly all came up with the same answer: the frustration and utter hopelessness of the ghetto-locked Negro.

Inevitably, before the smoke had cleared and while sniper fire still crackled, there was the hunt for a scapegoat. The handiest scapegoat around was the unbending, acerbic

63-year-old chief of the Los Angeles police department, William H. Parker (below). Negroes who had taken part in the riot fairly oozed self-justification as they heaped blame on Parker and his cops. Others who deplored the violence saw it as the logical consequence of police harassment which they claimed had been the lot of Los Angeles Negroes for years.

Whether that complaint was justified or not, there had indeed been

plenty of evidence, which Los Angeles and its officials had chosen to ignore, that trouble was brewing. Only a year ago the executive director of the Los Angeles County Human Relations Commission revealed that not a thousand Negroes out of 461,000 in the ghetto area believed that there was equal distribution of justice to whites and Negroes. Earlier in the year, the California Advisory Committee to the Commission on Civil Rights had heard Negro leaders level accusations at the L.A. police. They charged "excessive violence" at the time of arrest, greater activity in surveillance and arrest among minority groups, arrest of Negroes and Mexican-Americans for conduct for which others were not arrested, discourteous and uncivil language and behavior on the part of police, and an unwillingness and inability to distinguish between law-abiding and potentially law-breaking minority groups.

Such criticism grates on the nerves of Chief Parker who, with perhaps excessive loyalty to his men, denies that any of it is true. As for predictions that an explosion was bound to occur, his report last winter flatly stated: "The false prophets fail to consider that any condition which contributed to chaos in other parts of the country would not exist in Los Angeles."

Parker is hard-eyed, his tongue lashes like a cat-o-nine-tails and he has, when he chooses to exercise it, a monumental capacity for arrogance. Undeniably his habit of saying what pops into his head had almost as inflammatory an effect as the rioters' Molotov cocktails. "They have no leaders," he rasped at the height of the disorders, when it was proposed that he negotiate with the Negroes. At a news conference he said the trouble all started when "one person threw a rock and then, like monkeys in a zoo, others started throwing rocks." The fact that he was talking about the rioters in particular, and not Negroes as a whole, did nothing to soften the sting of his words.

By any standards other than tact, Parker's competence is outstanding. One of the most respected police executives in the country, he has been honored by everyone

CONTINUED

THE TARGET. William Parker, Los Angeles police chief, angrily defends his men. Negroes wanted his ouster.



Deep New

THE BLAME CONTINUED

from the Boy Scouts of America to the Republic of Korea, of which he is the honorary chief of national police. In his 15 years as chief, Parker has made the L.A. police department into a burnished tool. His men are sharp, well educated—many of them are working on law degrees in their off-hours—well paid and untainted by scandal. And in spite of the fact that Los Angeles, with its enormous transient population, has one of



BATTLE STATION. Overlooking Watts precinct, which has five Negroes in force of 207 and which many

Negroes regard as a hated symbol, policemen stand guard with shotguns. Below, firemen inspect the burned-

out shell of a store in a block that was almost totally destroyed—not far from the place where rioting began.



Scars in the Rubble-strewn Precinct

the highest crime rates in the country. Chief Parker runs a tight ship and the city has little in the way of organized crime or vice. A man with a strong feeling about the police image, Parker even refuses to let his men have a policeman's benefit show; he feels it is undignified for an officer to peddle tickets. But *esprit* on the force is high—or was until last week.

In his office a couple of days after rioting subsided, Parker's own *esprit* was beginning to sag. He seemed tired and drawn, and

the criticism had obviously rubbed his hide raw.

"Right now we're getting all kinds of gratuitous advice from people who sit back in the non-combat areas and pontificate," he said. "Our main problem right now is that there's not enough room in front of the camera lenses for all the politicians."

Why was he being criticized so much? "Because I've been here for 15 years," Parker said sharply, "and the people aren't accustomed to that kind of tenure. I'm being

criticized because I am against civil disobedience. I insist that this country cannot exist without law enforcement—and I talk about it, while the average police chief keeps silent and lives with his plight. If I'm not the bogeyman, who are they going to get?"

"The police are the live representatives of the government. This always happens when a government is being overturned. You kill the policeman because he wears the badge. You don't kill the meter reader. And we are not particularly well liked by the criminal element. We put them in jail. When something like this happens people look for the scapegoat. They don't have to feel responsible and can wash their hands of it and walk away thinking they've solved it. That doesn't solve anything. That's just finding a simple answer to a tough problem."

Though all this seems to make sense, one can't help feeling that sometimes Parker himself finds simple answers to tough problems. Asked about charges of police brutality he answered flatly, "There is no brutality."

Whatever the normal police behavior may be, Negroes were man-handled by cops all through the riots. No doubt some of the people shot need not have been, and every Negro up and down any street in the riot zone had tales to tell of past injustices.

But policemen being pelted with bricks and sniped at from rooftops could hardly be expected to handle their assailants tenderly. And though Negroes caught in the riots as participants or innocent bystanders had differing views (right) on the culpability of the police, the cops themselves found it desperately hard to tell friends from enemies. As for the past, the 77th Street Police Division, in the heart of the riot zone, recorded almost 17,000 major offenses last year—more than any of the city's 15 other precincts. It is an area of murder, robbery, theft and prostitution and drug addiction, and amidst such rampant lawlessness one would expect the police to be less than patient.

If there is some justification on the side of Chief Parker, he will not admit there was any justification on the other side. And when the riot did get reasonably under control he stuck his foot in his mouth again by saying, "We're on top and they are on the bottom." That, in a nutshell, is the heart of the Negroes' complaint: they claim it has been ever thus.



BOXER. "It wasn't a race riot," says Amos (Big Train) Lincoln, a heavyweight. "It was plain stealing. The cops could have stopped it when it started, but they were scared. So they watched the people loot stores."



STUDENT. Charlie Douglas, 15, says, "Parker is no good at all. His cops take the Negro down to the station and work him over. This time they did it in the open and that's why it started right here and didn't stop."



REPORTER. "White men ride the freeway and don't look at the Negro," says Hardy Frye of *The Southern Courier*. "There ain't enough Negro cops, so white ones point guns at us. It's no different from Selma or Bogalusa."



Deadly Souvenirs of the Insurrection

In a police station near the riot zone, custodians tag and catalog a contraband arsenal. These rifles, shotguns and pistols were among some 3,000 captured from rioters—many of whom had used them

against police, National Guardsmen, firemen and anyone else who happened to get within range. The whisky on the table is one of many looted bottles police confiscated.

Hundreds of weapons and their

ammunition are still unrecovered. Informants told police that many of the missing guns have been hauled away to outlying areas and cached for safekeeping. The weapon that wrought the most havoc

was the Molotov cocktail, a device that was simple to make from material in bountiful supply—gasoline and glass bottles—and impossible to stop unless an arsonist was caught in the act of using one.



FOR MORE ABOUT THE U.S. GUN PROBLEM, TURN TO PAGE 59



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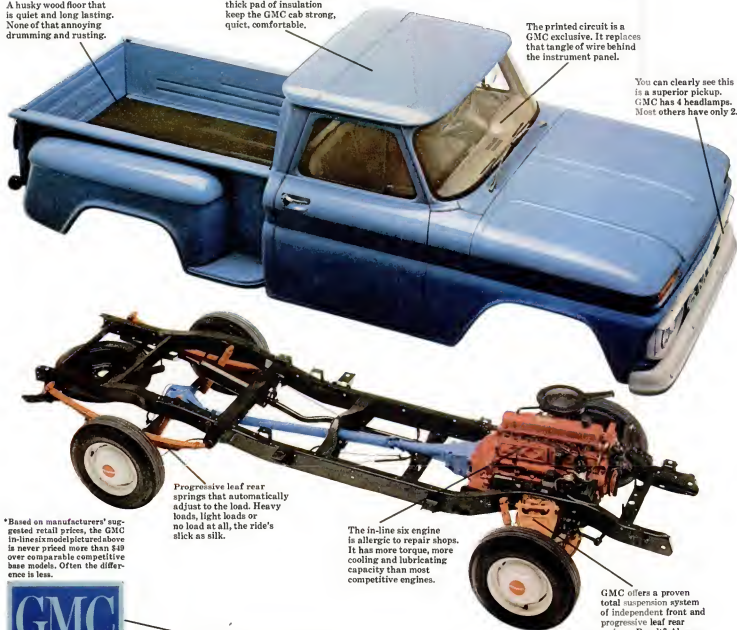
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The Man Who Paints Those Big Eyes

by JANE
HOWARD

A civilization can be defined, at least in part, by the bric-a-brac its people fancy. Those of our descendants who someday may seek to assess Early Space Age America will be confronted with a puzzling array: dashboard Madonnas, electric carving knives, "Magic Finger" massage devices that set motel beds to vibrating, pink plastic hair curlers and pink plastic flamingos for front lawns, infants' pants labeled "I'm a Little Tax Exemption," "Tummy Television" sets and, perhaps most perplexing of all, what might be called the Big Eye school of painting. Big Eye paintings are the most popular art now being produced in the free world. They usually portray malnourished children whose eyes, brimming and often overflowing with tears, are twice, thrice or four times normal size. Standing or sitting in gloomy corridors, the children sometimes clutch equally big-eyed dogs, cats or babies, but most of the time they are alone. Always they stare.

The art establishment recoils from any mention of the Big Eye school and acknowledges its existence only shudderingly, but Big Eye paintings, for all that, have attracted much more of a following and occasioned much more expenditure of cash than Op, Pop, Hard-Edge paintings or any other recent artistic fashion. For prices ranging from 10c to \$100,000 they, or their reproductions, are to be found in galleries, bookshops, outdoor art shows, dime stores and souvenir stands at national parks. They can be mail-ordered from catalogs and claimed as premiums at trading-stamp redemption centers. Movie directors use them in films which purport to reflect contemporary Americans. In the gleeful and very nearly accurate words of Walter Keane, who is to Big Eye art what Howard Johnson is to multicolor ice cream, "There's just no place we're not!"

By "we," it must be noted quickly, Keane does not mean all Big Eye artists. A great number of them ("around 187" is the guess he likes to hazard) are nothing but imitators of himself and Margaret

Keane, a fellow painter who is his business partner and who for a decade was his wife—and legally still is, although they were amicably separated last year. Though rival Big Eye artists grow ever more popular, they do not really bother or threaten Keane. "Let's face it," he suggests with uncommon self-assurance, "nobody could paint eyes like El Greco or nobody can paint eyes like Walter Keane."

Margaret, it is true, paints eyes a little like those for which her husband is famous. But hers are not so big and belong as unvaryingly to nubile girls as his belong to what appear to be war wallops. Though Keane's abundant publicity quotes him as saying repeatedly that "my brush is continually discovering new things," the claim seems designed to counter criticism that both Keanes are somewhat

set in their artistic ways. When anyone hints that to see one of his Big Eye paintings is pretty much to have seen them all, Walter (as it is hard not to call him after even the briefest of meetings) is hurt and defensive. "After all," he says, "Rembrandt painted old men till they came out of his ears; El Greco was always painting elongated saints; Michelangelo always portrayed those women who had physiques like Jack La Lanne [who has a TV exercise program]. We don't criticize them, so why criticize Walter Keane just because his symbol of humanity is a child?"

It takes dispassionate bravado to speak of oneself in the third person. Walter has such bravado: it is one of the chief reasons for his success. Another is his technical proficiency, which—though one critic calls it "fussy and finicky"—

Walter Keane's own eyes squint with laughter above one of the hundreds of pairs of wide eyes he has painted in the years since he gave up real estate for art.

is quite adequate. Perhaps his most potent weapon, however, is a genius for marketing and publicity. When Walter's ego is assaulted, and it often is, there is balm in profuse evidence that a solvent public likes what he does well enough to buy it in quantity.

Keane's own eyes are pale blue and rather small. He has tousled auburn hair, worn so that it curls just to the top of the collars of his shirts, most of which are different shades of blue and monogrammed. He is an outstandingly flamboyant and sybaritic figure even in San Francisco, where flamboyant and



CONTINUED

'We made it even without the critics'

KEANE
CONTINUED

sybaritic people are common. One of the many, frequent and personally supervised brochures describing him (brochures are almost as much Walter's medium as paintings) reports that he "romps through life with the evident enjoyment of a terrier rolling in a clover patch." There is considerable truth in this. Walter is a lot like an irrepressible terrier, though the canine breed he likes best (and often paints) is the small, clever white poodle. He owns four, and has named them Rembrandt,egas, Matisse and Gauguin.

Both of the two words that recur most often in Walter's conversation are cries of undiluted hedonism. "Beautiful!"—which he pronounces "BEW-da-ful!"—is his drawled tribute to anything, person or idea he approves of. "Happiness!" invoked to a clinking of glasses, is the toast he proposes before every single round of Scotch. "But I think 'happiness' ought to be spelled a different way," Walter says. "I think it should be *happennes*. I always love to have things happen. When I'm around they usually do, too."

They do indeed. Brouhahas suit Walter as serenity suits a classical scholar. His ebullience leaps to high pitch soon after he enters a nightclub, a supermarket, a museum, a dress shop or his white Cadillac convertible, which has a telephone at the driver's seat "because there are so many people I have to keep in touch with."

A night on the town with Walter and his party is a night of constant surprises. The group splits like an amoeba, the nucleus constantly shedding one group of carousers and picking up another. When Walter decides he's seen enough of one club, he leads his group to another, perhaps lifting up one of the littler females and carrying her, caveman style, up a steep San Francisco hill. There are impromptu inspections of restaurant kitchens, and quick chats with chefs about clam sauces and other mat-

ters of consequence. Quantities of Scotch that make most people sick or sleepy only goad Walter on to more terrierlike mischief.

Though he and Margaret, who is at times still a member of his group, bicker with varying degrees of good nature about the financial problems attending their separation, he is expansively generous with others. Only rarely does he muse that people might be trying to take advantage of his good will. He has founded several art scholarships, and as some people get each other packages of gum, he impulsively buys friends potted azaleas, dresses, hand-worked leather sandals or sessions at glamorous beauty salons. When he takes a long distance call, his first words are often "Baby, you should have called *collect*!"

All of this helps keep Walter's name in the gossip columns, to

which he objects not at all since it tends to cancel out the hostility of art critics. Their sworn obligation, as Keane sees it, is "not to discover new talent but to keep it from being discovered, keep it out of the museums, regiment who can get famous and who can't. They didn't want Margaret and me to, but we fooled them. We made it anyway."

"One thing that's helped us a lot," Walter says, "is this being the age of transportation and communication. We've used television [guest shots] more than any other way of getting ourselves known. It's beautiful how many people can be exposed to your work through, say, just one TV show."

His zest for exposure has yielded more prestige overseas than on his home ground. Although no major American museum yet possesses a Keane ("No serious col-

*O*f all his paintings Walter's favorite is *Alone*, which he won't sell and keeps in his dining room. "Let's face it," he says, "we are all really alone."

lector would buy him and no serious art gallery would touch him," says the owner of a very serious art gallery), both Walter and Margaret are well represented abroad. Their paintings have hung in museums in Madrid and Bruges, Belgium—and are on file in Tokyo and Mexico City. The United Nations owns a Keane, and so does Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who got hers as a sort of bread-and-butter letter after Walter had been her house guest in Taiwan. Walter claims that Governor and Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York own his painting *The Little Thinker*, but says that he can't



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'My psyche was scarred in Europe'

KEANE
CONTINUED

recall how they got it. The governor's office says it can't recall any dealings, ever, with Keane. Another owner, to Walter's chagrin, is the isolated proprietor of "a goddam farm in Texas" who managed, against Walter's wishes, to buy the original of *The Runaway* for \$7,500 at a showing from which Keane was absent. "Money doesn't matter to me," Walter often insists. "What I want is for what I do to be seen. I take an emotion, I put it on canvas, and I want it to infect a lot of people's lives."

Just what the emotion is that Walter commits to canvas is a vexing question most colorfully answered by the artist himself. "My psyche," he explains, "was scarred in my art student days in Europe, just after World War II, by an ineradicable memory of war-racked innocents. In their eyes lurk all of mankind's questions and answers. If mankind would look deep into the soul of the very young, he wouldn't need a road map. I wanted other people to know about those eyes, too. I want my paintings to clobber you in the heart and make you yell, 'DO SOMETHING!'"

The sight of a Keane painting leaves very few people uncllobbered, one way or the other, but not all respond as Walter would wish. Selden Rodman, well-known art critic, denies that the poverty Keane shows has anything to do with reality. "Real poor children," Rodman says, "do not stare at one with sad, imploring eyes. They grimace, laugh, stick their tongues out, snarl, or turn away from one's presumptuous concern with contempt or boredom. None of them are dressed, like these synthetic waifs, in matching pastel colors." A collector who is closely but anonymously involved with Keane suggests that people probably buy the paintings "because they feel guilty about not having foster children. By buying pictures of them they can share their plight without being depressed."

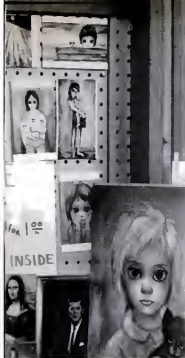


Movie people have, generally, a far more charitable view of Keane's work. "Keane paintings are my friends," declares Joan Crawford who, like Kim Novak and Natalie Wood, owns several. "I wouldn't buy them if they were commercial. I buy them because I love them and want to live with them. I had a fountain designed just to go with one." Margaret also has fans in movie circles. Jerry Lewis thought so well of her that he gave her a \$10,000 commission to portray himself, his wife, their five sons, three cats and four dogs, with the humans all pensive-eyed and wearing harlequin costumes.

Walter is only dimly aware of such current modes as Pop Art; and when recently asked about Camp he proved totally unknowing. People who take him seriously, however, see elements of both these styles in his work. One of his most eminent supporters—whom he has never met—is Andy Warhol, a leader of the Pop Art movement, painter of soup cans and pioneer of Underground movies. "I think what Keane has done is just terrific," Warhol says. "It has to be good. If it were bad, so many people wouldn't like it."

Lawrence Alloway, curator of the Guggenheim Museum in New York, also takes a qualified pro-Keane stand. "His art is in heroic bad taste," Alloway says. "It's incredibly vulgar, it's weird, but it's still gorgeous. Bad-taste entertainment is the best entertainment. What I really love about Keane is that he is so commercial."

A random sampling of the things the public loves about Keane elicits interesting comment when it is relayed to art critics. "I'm nuts about those eyes," said a college girl in California who treats herself to



Keane prints and postcards are on sale in a New York souvenir shop (above) and countless other places in the U.S. Walter says reproductions of his works are also selling nicely throughout Europe and Australia. At right is a sample panel of faces a pro-Keane critic says represent "a wave of sadness and innocence."

a new Keane postcard every time she finishes a final exam. "I love the way they sort of follow you around the room." "So does any picture of eyes painted to look directly at the viewer," says John Canaday, art critic for the New York Times. "It's the old principle of a three-dimensional object on a two-dimensional surface." In the main, Keane fanciers simply say, "Oh, it's just that there's something so haunting about the eyes." There is indeed, affirms Dr. Joseph Coltrera, a psychoanalyst: "Keane eyes are like the 'facial cues' Dr. René Spitz discovered when he was experimenting with the smiles of babies three to six months old. Eyes are the first thing an infant notices about a human face. A baby will smile even at a mask, or at eyes painted on a piece of paper. Grown people respond to Keane paintings the same way. It's a cheap psychological trick."

Walter offers another theory on why Keane is so renowned. "In a lot of ways," he suggests, "Americans are like children—I mean, we aren't very grown up. But what I like most about Keane, myself, is that he's mass-produced, like a factory. I think he'll end up being something like Disney."

Allusions to mass production, which he hears often, cause Walter to cringe. "I only do a dozen paintings a year," he protests, "and



sometimes less. And I'm not commercial. People who call me commercial ought to see the offers we turn down. Why, we could be making \$100,000 a year more than we do if we were *really* commercial. We could have gone on ahead and let manufacturers make Keane dolls, Keane sweatshirts, Keane trays. But we didn't. Nothing has been done to our work that hasn't happened to Velázquez, Picasso, Rembrandt, all those. What's so wrong with books, prints and postcards?"

What's wrong, critics think, is that the prints and postcards are so promptly and widely distributed. Canaday, for one, is unmoved by the paucity of Keane originals. In

CONTINUED



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This young man is Jim Cooney of Palm Beach, Fla.



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'An artist does not need an empty stomach'

KEANE
CONTINUED

looks like one of her own paintings, doesn't rattle publicly. She is so gentle as to be unobtrusive except when conversation turns to the occult, a subject in which she is impressively well versed. Palmistry, astrology, numerology and related disciplines fascinate her. She even signs her paintings with her maiden initials, "MDH," for numerological reasons. "M, you see, is four," she explains, "and D is four too, and H is eight, and four and four and eight are 16, which is made up of one and six, which make seven—my number."

The Keanes agree they have influenced each other artistically. "Our styles have definitely rubbed off on each other," Walter says. "When we met, she was a great draftsman and I was a great colorist, and we both had this thing about eyes. But she's more like Botticelli and Modigliani, where I'm sort of in the tradition of Renoir and Degas." Margaret's style, which most observers join Walter in considering superior to his, is further explained in a Keane catalog description of her favorite painting, *Escape*, in which a young woman is shown "...dazzled by we do not know what inner visions... walking in pursuit of her keen desires. She goes forward, her eyes wide open but looking inward, leaving behind the city with its false nocturnal lights, confusing fog and pale men."

Margaret herself has abandoned the foggy environs of San Francisco, at least this summer, for Honolulu, where her daughter Jayne (nee Jane) is enrolled in a summer school offering "scuba, hula and judo." Walter is living in the family's rambling, walled-in bungalow in Woodside, a scenic and superbly manicured suburb. According to the terms of their separation, he gets the house with its kidney-shaped swimming pool and the four white poodles. Neighbors know better than to annoy him. When some friendly ones dropped by soon after the Keanes moved

in, Walter's greeting to them was "What do you want?"

The prospect of loneliness, he sometimes admits, does trouble him. So do his recollections of the insouciant old days "when, for all the money I got for painting, I didn't even know what a hundred-dollar bill was. I guess we gross more, now, than any other artist alive," he says, "except maybe Picasso. I guess it's usually around—oh, a million a year, sometimes much more. But money can be embarrassing. It's sort of nice to live good, the way Aly Khan and a few others knew how to, and it sure is true that you don't need an empty stomach in order to paint. But all that really matters to me is painting, drinking (which, the way I look at it, includes eating) and loving. All an artist really needs is a little space to paint and sleep. Women? He can have so many women he'll need Entrance and Exit signs."

Along all the permissive littoral of California there is probably no

man more outspokenly in favor of the female sex than Walter Keane. His observations on the subject are not always delivered in well-modulated tones or in printable language but, as he said one afternoon in a North Beach bistro, "I don't really care what people think of me. Whatever anyone may say, I've picked the whole art world, just as Picasso and Dali have. I've made people aware of painting, which makes them buy more, just like they go buy more records and books once they're exposed."

"If you don't collect your due and milk them for what they're worth," he went on, "you're a fool. I know money gets paid for what I do—after all, fortunes have been made reproducing it—and I just want my share. We grew up, you know, *beside* the art world, not in it. We couldn't penetrate it. What we've done can never happen again. But they pick on me because I'm out here, not in there."

"I guess if I'm after anything it's to be remembered as one of the good bad ones." And then Walter hailed the waiter. "Modesto!" he called, "*por favor, encore, more!* Bring us some more of that yellow cheese, and some of the white, and five more Chivas on the rocks. Hap-pi-ness!"



Telling a joke, Keane gleefully anticipates his own punch line. "Now that I'm alone with my four little dogs," he says, "I'm the most available bachelor around."

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SUGAR FROSTED FLAKES





FILM GENIUS FELLINI IS AT IT AGAIN

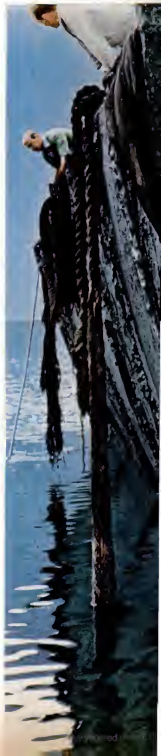
A New Fantasy by the '8½' Man



The most inventive and controversial film director in the world, the man who made *La Strada*, *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*, has just finished what devotees are already calling his ninth and a half movie. Only Italy's Federico Fellini has any idea of what it is about. The cast knows only that the bearish, heavy-lidded director they call *il grande genio* and *il poeta* was off on another mystical tangent as he filmed scenes showing ghostly horses, a cargo of repulsive human flotsam and a woman discovering a silver chute which leads to—well, somewhere. There is a red-bearded hermit who rises through the sidewalk and starts making prophecies, and a party where fun games like "Initiation of a Virgin" and "Resurrection of a Dead Man" are played. And so many endings were shot that the cast lost count.

The title of the picture, Fellini's first full-length color film, evolved only because a press agent kept badgering Fellini for it; Fellini mumbled something about "a housewife named Giulietta who is having marital trouble and starts seeing spirits." So the press agent began calling the film *Giulietta of the Spirits*. Whatever the plot, Fellini's talented touch is more than enough to make his fans on both sides of the Atlantic drool with anticipation over *Giulietta*.

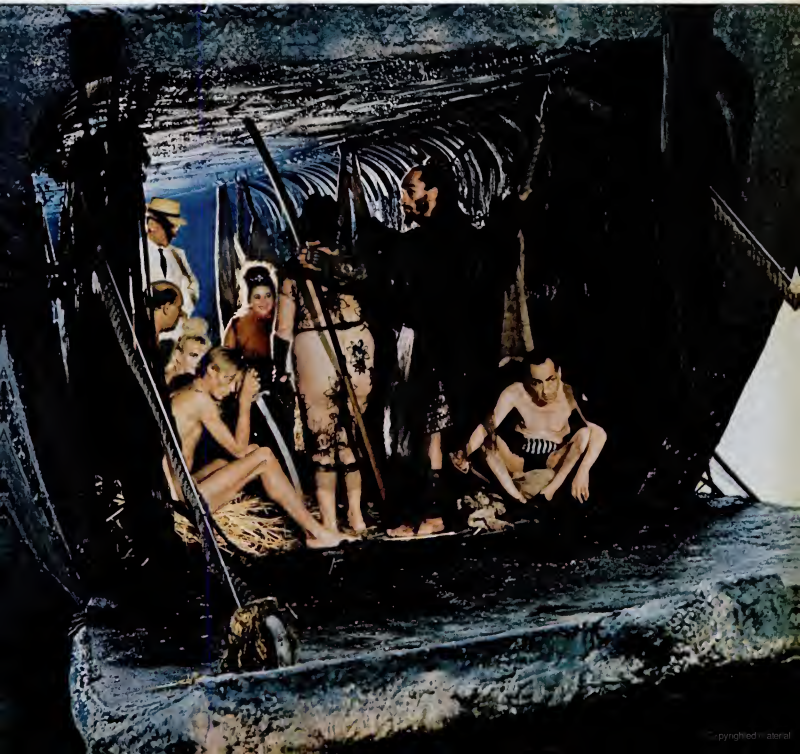
Gulietta Masina, the film's star and Fellini's wife, ponders a silver chute leading from her worldly neighbor's bedroom to a swimming pool. She and Fellini both describe the film as "a fairy tale for adults."



MOVIES



While sunning on the beach, the heroine suddenly sees a vision of hideous horses (left). A man wearing a bathrobe hands her a rope and when she pulls, a raft (below) appears carrying a cargo of ugly women and naked men. Fellini says these scenes represent frightening things adults tell children they will see when they become adults—war, sickness, bad women and death.



Farfetched



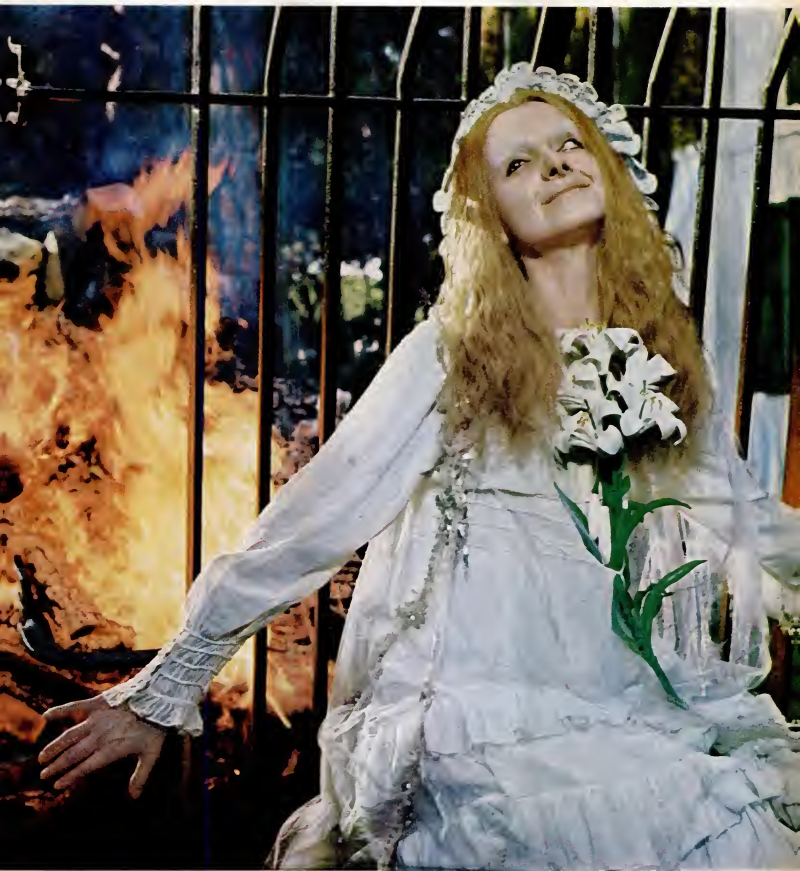
Giolietta is besieged by visions both bizarre and beautiful. Self-conscious because she is plain, she is jealous of her beautiful sister, Sylva Koscina (above, at a garden

party), and of a shapely girl on the beach, Claude Lange (below). But most of all she is troubled by the oft-repeated vision of her chambermaid, seen burning (right) five

times during the film. Fellini says that this vision, which he calls the "broiled lady," is Gialietta's Catholic conscience at work, hinting of punishment for wickedness.



Visions of Beauty—and of Burning



CONTINUED

He owns a \$375 shotgun
and a \$19 British shirt,
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Fellini a party sequence in *Giulietta*, Fellini shouts instructions at a red parrot.

'That way, the film is mine'

Federico Fellini's conversation is like his movies—mystical, florid and exasperating. Fellini admits he is a generous liar. He is so generous that he has given out a dozen different versions of his life story, and during the filming of *Giulietta* at least three biographers were floating around writing books, with Fellini thoughtfully providing three different sets of anecdotes. It's not that he is dishonest; he just dislikes the bare reality of static facts and figures.

This explains why Fellini's films are ripe with subjective impressions and memories of things past which may or may not have happened ("The difference is immaterial"). He draws heavily from his own dreams. "The best moment of the day for me is when I go to sleep. I dream and a fiesta starts."

One piece of equipment vital to movie-making everywhere else is conspicuously absent on a Fellini set: the script. There are a few things jotted down in a black book carried by a Fellini aide, but nobody pays much attention to that. Fellini carries the film in his shaggy head, doling it out to the actors line by line. "When I come to work in the morning, I have no idea what I am going to do," says Marcello Mastroianni, star of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*. "I have complete confidence in Federico."

Fellini refuses to tell his actors what the story is about because, he explains, "They would go home and build up their own characterizations, not mine. I don't want actors to come on the set with preconceived notions. I tell them exactly what they have to say just before they step in front of the camera. That way, the film is mine."

A Fellini film is born, he says, "by an accumulation of details, by the birth in my mind of a certain atmosphere. For *La Dolce Vita*, I started by being obsessed with the

chemise dresses women wore in Rome in the late 1950s. For *8½*, I wanted to do a polydimensional portrait of a man. For *Giulietta*, I am getting closer to what really interests me. The cinema is the unique and perfect tool to explore with precision the inner landscapes of the human being. I've always wanted to do an extrasensory tale, born entirely of the imagination. This should be it."

Fellini spent two years thinking out the film, and much of this time was devoted to casting. "I put an ad in the papers saying I was looking for certain types, and every day hundreds came to see me. Like an old vampire, I sat and looked, watching faces, attitudes, dress. Those I liked, I photographed and pinned up on a green felt board. Sometimes, a face I first liked very much would cease to please me. Some I liked died or disappeared. One even changed his sex. I wait too long. . . ."

Fellini cries out about the problem of making a film in color. "Color is a subjective but static way of expressing oneself," he says. "Take this painting on my wall. When it hangs still, it may mean something. But put it in motion and there's no more painting."

"But for *Giulietta*, I gamble. I wanted this film to be a dream, and for the first time in my filming, colors might be even more important than faces. . . . But what worries! Every morning, I feel like a police inspector, checking to see if there isn't a yellow character hiding in a green corner. The camera is so stupid, it grabs all it sees. I suppose I should have shot the whole film as a test, and then again for good. But can you ever do the same thing twice?"

André Liber



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Warfare in Los Angeles makes the point

THE RUN ON GUNS: A LETHAL NATIONAL PROBLEM



The place was a gun store in Pasadena, the date was August 14, the occasion a panicky buying spree. As a shock wave of fear spread out from the epicenter of the Los Angeles riots (*page 20*), a gun suddenly seemed the thing to have. The rioters themselves snatched up thousands of weapons from ransacked stores. Throughout the strife-torn city and in dozens of surrounding communities, residents of white neighborhoods rushed to arm themselves for the Negro invasions they believed were imminent. Thus the Negroes, in their rage, and the whites, in their terror, dramatized a fact which poses an incendiary problem for the entire

nation: the implements of violence—and death—are readily available to nearly anyone, as became so tragically clear at the time President Kennedy was killed. In thousands of communities rifles, shotguns and pistols are openly and enticingly displayed in hardware, sporting goods and even dime stores—and are as easy to come by as fishing rods. There are at least 400 mail-order houses in this country that will send a lethal weapon to anyone who has \$12.98 and a 5¢ stamp. When the steadily rising rate of crimes of violence is taken into account, the danger is serious enough. But when racial tensions run high, it becomes appalling.

YOU CAN ARM YOURSELF IN THE FIVE-AND-DIME



SENATE HEARING. Senator Thomas J. Dodd, sponsor of bill, listens to testimony. He wants strict controls on sale of guns like those on display.



EASY CREDIT. W. T. Grant Co. five-and-dime store in Orlando, Fla. lets purchaser charge guns. Store will also order guns it does not carry in stock.

The right of citizens to bear arms is spelled out in the Second Amendment to the Constitution. The business of catering to those who would exercise the right has grown into a billion-dollar industry. The selection of arms available to shoppers—with no questions asked—ranges from BB guns to bazookas. Sportsmen can choose from a vast array of U.S.-made and imported rifles and shotguns. Any vigilante pack or private army that wants to arm itself can buy military weapons of nearly every kind—in wholesale lots—from dozens of war-surplus outlets. Last year importers flooded the U.S. with 600,000 foreign weapons and enough parts to make 400,000 more.

Alarmed by the growing traffic, Senator Thomas Dodd (D.-Conn.) has introduced a bill to ban the mail-order sale of firearms, prohibit the import of military surplus weapons and give the federal government more supervision of the sale of arms. The bill is drawing massive sniper fire from sportsmen and especially from the National Rifle Association, which represents businessmen who stand to lose if it becomes law. When and if that happens, some gun dealer or enthusiast is sure to raise the question of constitutionality. But polls indicate strong public support for controls over arms traffic, and Attorney General Katzenbach, urging passage of the bill, has pointed out that more than half the 9,300 murders recorded in this country last year were committed with firearms. There could be no more shocking example of what can result from the indiscriminate sale of firearms than the murder of President Kennedy in 1963. The step-by-step journey of the assassination rifle is told in the following pages.



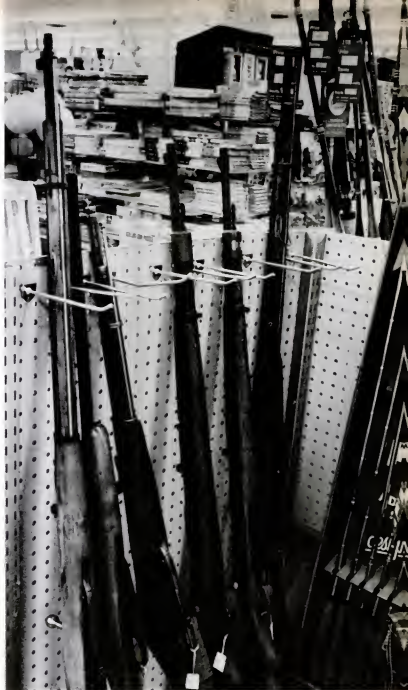
BIGOT APPEAL. Gun shop in Fern Park, Fla., capitalizes on fanatic anti-Negro feeling. A clerk explained the "nigger back guarantee" for this

N.R. Davis 12-gauge shotgun: "Shoot a nigger with it, bring it back and we'll give you your money back—and we'll let you keep the gun, too."



OMINOUS DISPLAY. Behind the eerie face of a gas mask, the Army Trade Mart in Tampa, Fla. displays wares: pistols, rifles, hand grenades

and—its barrel visible at left—a British bazooka. "It's fully operative," says store owner. "You could blow up a tank with it." He has sold three.



LETHAL MERCHANDISE. Stacked neatly in a Grant dime store display in Orlando are half-dozen varieties of rifles ranging from \$9.88 to \$26.88.

DEADLY HAUL. In Highland Park, Calif. raid, police confiscate two automatic rifles, scores of guns, 750,000 rounds of ammunition and a cannon.



CONTINUED

The \$19.95 rifle Oswald bought by mail

'CURSED GUN'—THE TRACK OF C2766

by KEITH WHEELER

What follows is the history of the most infamous mail-order gun of all time. The gun carries an indelible identity: the number C2766.

The history of C2766 began a quarter-century ago. At that time Italy was flailing around trying to fit herself to fight in a war that obviously was already too big for Mussolini's vainglorious brithes. A government arsenal at Terni 50 miles north of Rome was turning out rifles whose design had not changed much since 1891. The weapons were not especially admirable as military man-killers but they were cheap. They cost the Italian government 313 lire (\$16) each and they were as like one another as a handful of shingle nails—except for one fact.

Near the end of the manufacturing process, on each of these mass-produced and otherwise identical machines, a gunsmith stamped a serial number on the upper left quadrant of the barrel near the receiver. Sometime in 1940, the gunsmith's dies branded C2766 for all time.

For years C2766 languished in unprepossessing obscurity. Then, on Nov. 22, 1963, in Dallas, it made its way into history. In Italy, where people were painfully aware of the gun's origin, C2766 came to be called *il fucile maledetto*—that "cursed gun."

Cursed it was. C2766 would never be allowed to fall back into oblivion—no more than would the pistol Booth used to kill President Lincoln. The proof came last May 24 when a Denver oilman and gun fancier named John Joseph King sued U.S. Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach for its physical possession. In acts pursuant to this court action, King raised the value of old and battered C2766 to at least \$45,000.

Nobody contended that C2766 has anything like this intrinsic value; indeed, its price in the marketplace had once fallen as low as \$3.60. King himself has spoken of it as "a hunk of junk." Other authorities might not quite agree. One, of impeccable credentials, has called it "a very strong, sturdy rifle," though suffering some flaws of mechanism and crudely finished. Robert A. Frazier, an FBI firearms specialist who test-fired the gun, has testified that "It is a very accurate weapon."

Could, as it may be, C2766 has a distinguished lineage. Technically C2766 is described as a Mannlicher-Carcano Model 91/38, caliber 6.5 mm. The gun's progenitor was a brilliant 19th Century Austrian gun designer, Ferdinand Ritter von Mannlicher. The best known of his several contributions to weaponry, made in 1880, was the first successful system for clip-loading a repeating rifle. Mannlicher's system—with progressive modifications—is still in use today. The World War II Garand M1 employed a version of his device.

The Mannlicher system spread throughout Europe. The Italians adopted it in 1891 and at the Torino Arms Factory two men, M. Carcano and a Colonel Parravicini, made certain modifications, particularly in the design of the bolt action. Subsequently, the Italians put the weapon through at least 15 modifications but for 60-odd years the basic action remained practically unchanged. Mussolini even caused to be produced a lightweight, bayonet-equipped version of the Mannlicher-Carcano that would help make warriors out of children as young as six. The thing

shot blanks, but the bayonet was businesslike.

C2766 is a short-barreled 1938 version of the old design. It is a bastard bit of gunsmithery. Mussolini's armors had come to the conclusion that, while the Mannlicher-Carcano's standard 6.5 mm ammunition might be satisfactory for slaughtering Ethiopian tribesmen, something helter would be desirable if Il Duce proposed to gobble up a share of Europe. Therefore in 1938 the design was modified for the gun to fire a more lethal 7.35 mm slug. The notion, like many another conceived in Italy in those days, was disastrous. With distressing frequency Italian ordnance delivered new-sized bullets to outfits equipped with old-sized guns, or vice versa. By the time C2766 came off the line at Terni in 1940, a prudent decision had reduced the bore back to the more modest 6.5 mm for which ammunition was in more plentiful supply. Thus C2766 ended up having the appearance of a helter weapon than it really is.

What happened to C2766 in the years immediately after it left the arsenal has become impossible to trace. Arsenal records were sketchy to start with, and in any case most files were destroyed in the chaos that followed Italy's surrender in September 1943—burned perhaps by infuriated Germans, scared Italian commanders or outraged civilians tasting the sweet, destructive fruits of liberation.

It seems probable, however, that C2766 did experience some wartime use—either as a lowly train-

ing weapon, a symbol of authority riding on the shoulder of a *carabinieri* (national cop), or in actual combat. Perhaps, in the succession of Italy's calamities at arms, it may have been abandoned on some battlefield. An eminent Italian journalist connected by blood with persons high in Italy's present military hierarchy put this matter with delicacy: "You will understand that a brave man must often retreat. And that when he retreats, he does not wish to be impeded by a heavy rifle." With slug and bayonet, C2766 weighed nine pounds.

When FBI firearms expert Frazier testified about it, he said, "The stock is worn, scratched. The bolt is relatively smooth, as if it had been operated several times. . . . The barrel is—was not, when we first got it, in excellent condition. It was, I would say, in fair condition. In other words, it showed the effects of wear and corrosion . . . it is a surplus type of weapon." After the surrender, amid the ingathering of Italy's futile old weapons, C2766 found its way home to Terni and for years it lay sterile in the military warehouse there.

It emerged again into the light in 1960 when the Italian Ministry of Defense took it in mind to sell off 570,745 old rifles. Bids were asked and an American organization styling itself Adam Consolidated Industries, Inc., domiciled at Via S.rte 62, Rome, won the contract. The prices for the rifles in this sale ranged from \$3.60 per unit, for the relatively new type represented by C2766, down to \$1.12 for older models bench-





The Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5 mm rifle Oswald used to assassinate President Kennedy was stamped at the factory in Italy with the identifying number C2766 on the left side of the barrel, just ahead of the bracket mounting the scope (shown in close-up at right). Its four-power telescopic sight was fitted in U.S.

marked between 1891 and World War I. Adam Consolidated committed itself to pay the Italian government a total of \$1,776,658.54 and, as evidence of good faith, presented guarantees of \$592,000 from the Banco di Roma.

The guns were, of course, not all in usable condition. But in Brescia in northern Italy, a man named Luciano Riva maintained a small factory to renovate such weapons. Riva contracted with Adam Consolidated to recondition, process, pack and ship rifles at a price of \$1.72 per unit. He bought a bigger plant in the village of Storo and eventually he shipped 44,490 guns from Milan, Naples and Genoa to New York. Before the contract was completed, however, Riva and the American firm fell out. He claimed back pay was owing him and Adam Consolidated complained that his work was so slow they were missing the American market. Moreover, they alleged his work was so unsatisfactory that many guns would not fire. The case is still in litigation before the Tribunale di Roma. (Adam shortly found another renovator to replace Riva and, according to available invoices, went on to import another 80,835 weapons into the U.S. through the end of October 1963.)

In any event the old C2766 was among the weapons worked on by Riva. It was refurbished at Storo—though not so thoroughly as to erase all the scars of war. And it was included in the very last of 12 shipments Riva dispatched to Adam Consolidated.

It left the Storo plant on Sept. 28, 1960 aboard a truck bound for the port of Genoa, with a police guard fore and aft as Italian law demands for all movements of weapons, loaded or innocent. Two days later the shipment departed Italy aboard the steamer *Eleitra Fassio*. Seventeen days later *Eleitra Fassio* made landfall in New Jersey harbor and tied up in Jersey City. By Oct. 24 the weapons had been signed into a bonded warehouse, Harborside Terminal on the Jersey shore. C2766 was in a crate containing nine other rifles of the same model. The crate, as recorded on itself and on the manifest, was No. 3376. The nine other weapons nested in Cosmo-line along with C2766 bore these serial numbers: AK2305, W4818, AZ3854, I1867, A12842, W9932, AM5143, I2564 and Y6305.

The commercial transmission belt by which this particular rifle was transported from the stores of surplus arms in postwar Europe to the U.S. marketplace—and delivered, ultimately, into the hands of a unique human misfit—has a curious and complex history. Its beginnings, incongruously enough, were in the incorporation of Adam Hat Stores, Inc., under New York law on July 17, 1924. Adam Hat is perhaps best remembered for its radio sponsorship of championship fights from Madison Square Garden. Meanwhile a family headed by one Max Leitman had gone into the junk and retail tire business in Jacksonville, Fla. In 1946, Max's son, Harold N., moved the core of the family enterprise to New York and when Adam Hat

fell into fiscal distress, he bought them out in 1954. Two years later, in 1956, the name of the combined firm was changed to Adam Consolidated Industries, Inc.

Adam Consolidated, as has been noted, at one time had an office at Via Sirte 62, Rome, and was the entity which did business with gun restorer Luciano Riva.

Adam Consolidated became a bewilderingly diversified enterprise. Its main business was selling tires through outlets in such substantial emporiums as R. H. Macy. But it had other irons in the fire as well. At one time the company had at least 17 wholly or partly owned subsidiaries. Traffic in firearms was never formally listed among the company's activities.

Adam Consolidated had another corporate peculiarity—changing its name. The style Adam Consolidated was dropped in 1959 in favor of Vanderbilt Tire & Rubber Co., Inc. Finally it became VTR, Inc., which it is today. VTR, Inc. is listed on the American Stock Exchange.

Another link in the chain that eventually brought C2766 down to dishonor was forged in December 1959 when a firm named Crescent Firearms, Inc. was chartered under New York law. All the guns imported by Adam Consolidated wound up being invoiced to Crescent for distribution here.

Nowhere of record does there exist any formal connection between Crescent Firearms, Inc. and Adam Consolidated, now VTR. All the same, the firms have interesting relationships. VTR has its offices on the sixth floor at 404 Fifth Avenue, New York. Crescent Firearms, Inc. maintains itself at 2

West 37th St., New York. It is the same building, same floor, same receptionist and the same telephone number, W17-4700.

The two firms have enjoyed other detectable intimacies. The vice president, secretary and treasurer of VTR is Joseph Saik, an attorney, and as late as 1964 VTR's comptroller was one Irving Weiss. Saik is also the secretary-treasurer of Crescent Arms and Weiss is comptroller there.

Another set of recurrent names has attached itself to the saga of C2766. These are Louis and Irving Feldsott, brothers. When the Italian gun restorer Riva made his deal with Adam Consolidated, he made it with Louis Feldsott. Louis Feldsott is president of Crescent Firearms and treasurer of H.&D. Folsom Arms Co., Inc., 154 Ludlow St., Yonkers, N.Y. His brother, Irving, is a vice president of H.&D. Folsom. It is difficult—well, impossible—to find anybody around Crescent Firearms or VTR who admits to being well informed about either C2766 or the firearms business in general. Inquiries made there are likely to be referred to Irving Feldsott out in Yonkers. Irving is polite but says he is unable to be of much assistance.

"The night after the President was shot, the FBI came down from White Plains and we gave them all our records. Don't have anything here. Sorry," he says.

To turn again to such records as are available, by Oct. 24, C2766 was resting in a bonded warehouse in Jersey City, N.J. The next known entry in the gun's log was not made until Feb. 21, 1963—al-

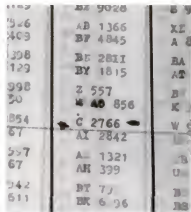


WHERE IT WAS MADE. C2766 was produced in 1940 at arsenal in Terni, Italy, which made thousands like it.



RENOVATOR. Luciano Riva (above), who is convalescing, owns the factory where C2766 was reconditioned.

FOREMAN. Supervisor in the Storo factory where C2766 was worked on in 1960 was Silvio Zontini (left).



FROM A FACTORY IN TERNI TO A COLLECTOR IN DENVER

'CURSED GUN' CONTINUED

most 28 months later. On that date Crate 3376, including nine other rifles as well as C2766, was dispatched by Crescent Firearms to Klein's Sporting Goods Inc., 4540 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Klein's is a large firm doing both retail and mail-order business in general sports equipment including firearms. The firm was established in 1885 by Jacob Klein, who left the pawnbroking business to do so. It is now run by Jacob's son, Milton Paul Klein.

Klein's regularly advertises in *The American Rifleman*, which is the organ of the National Rifle Association. In February, 1963 the *Rifleman* ran a full-page ad from Klein's featuring a white-on-black headline whose message was: RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR HUNTING SEASON! KLEIN'S LOSS IS YOUR GAIN! SAVE NOW! BUT HURRY! CASH OR CREDIT. NO MONEY DOWN. 30 DAY FREE TRIAL.

The ad was illustrated. The third item down in the left of two columns offered: "6.5 ITALIAN CARBINE. Only 36" overall, weighs only 5 1/2 lbs. Shows only slight use, lightly oiled, test fired and head spaced, ready for shooting. Turned down bolt, thumb safety, 6-shot clip fed. Rear open sight. Fast loading and fast firing. Specially priced. . . . \$12.88. Carbine with brand new good quality 4X scope—3/4" diameter as illustrated. . . . \$19.95."

The telescopic sights, it later developed, were fitted to the weapons by one of Klein's gunsmiths. It was his habit to use only two of the three available screw holes on the scope mount and to tap the

rifle barrel to receive larger screws than the scope was originally intended to employ. The sights were 4-power, manufactured in Japan but stamped with the name Ordinance Optics, Inc., Hollywood, Calif. These sights have since been described as cheap and they probably were. But they were apparently good enough. In answering a question about finding the target with C2766, firearms expert Frazier has testified: "It would not be difficult at all with a telescopic sight because your target is enlarged four times, and you can estimate very quickly in a telescopic sight, inches or feet or lead of any desired amount."

On March 13, 1963, in answer to its ad, Klein's received a money order for \$21.45 (to include postage) and a coupon clipped from the lower right-hand corner of the ad, ordering a Mannlicher-Carcano with scope. Money order and coupon were in the name of A. Hidell, Post Office Box 2915, Dallas, Texas. On March 20, 1963, the gun numbered C2766 was mailed, parcel post, to Customer Hidell without demur. There was no reason for demur; there was no law against it.

The real name behind A. Hidell was, of course, Lee Harvey Oswald. Nobody knows for sure how much practice Oswald ever had with C2766. There have been some indications that he took it to a rifle range. He also obtained a supply of ammunition especially chambered for the weapon by the Western Cartridge Co. of East Alton, Ill. The bullets had been made to supply U.S. allies in Scandinavia at a time when they were contemplating equipping their forces with the Mannlicher-Car-

canos. But more modern firearms made the cartridges obsolete. They were then reimported to the U.S. two million strong. Such ammunition was, and is, freely available.

Whatever the previous combat record of C2766, it was now at last to be fired in anger. The event came on the night of April 10 in Dallas when Oswald squeezed one off at Major General Edwin A. Walker, U.S. Army, Resigned, through a window in the general's home. Oswald missed.

C2766, as we know, ejected three more shots in anger on Nov. 22 from a sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository. This time Oswald's aim was true. Afterwards, C2766 was found half hidden there.

A lot of people were watching television around 11:20 a.m. on Sunday, Nov. 24, 1963. John J. King of Denver was among them. It was 10:20 a.m., Mountain Time when he—with the other millions—looked on as a frenzied Jack Ruby aimed a Colt .38 revolver at Lee Harvey Oswald's midriff and killed him. In some ways King's reaction was the universal one of fascinated shock—in other ways very different.

John J. King is not a usual man. A Westerner and the son of an oilman, he is an Annapolis graduate who stayed with the Navy until 12 years ago when he resigned because he yearned for the adventure of his father's business. He now holds federal oil exploration leases on 100,000 acres on the north slope of Alaska above the Arctic Circle. At 43, he brims with energy, self-confidence and hobbies to which he is dedicated. His shoes

were made by Peals and Co. Ltd. of London. And he admires guns. Generally, he admires modern weapons crafted by the world's greatest gunsmiths. His gun racks in the village of Cherry Hills glow with double-barreled rifles and shotguns made by Westley Richards and Holland & Holland of England. "They are jewels," he says.

Now, on this Sunday, for the first time in his life, he lusted after a junk gun. The object was C2766—and he lusted immediately.

From long working acquaintanceships with lawyers, King had become moderately well versed in the law. Watching TV, he began to think like an attorney. "I had been subconsciously under the impression that Oswald would be convicted and that the weapon would therefore revert to the state," he recalls. "It was reading this in the context of Colorado law, not really being a lawyer. But when Ruby shot Oswald, it all of a sudden struck me in a blinding flash that under American jurisprudence, Lee Harvey Oswald is forever innocent. He has not been convicted and you are not guilty until you've been tried and there's no way to try him.

"This led me to the conclusion that Oswald might still own the Kennedy gun—or his estate might. So I called up my good friend Bill Garrett, who was a lawyer in Dallas. Bill put an associate on it and he briefed the hell out of it and came up in two days and said—no question about it, that gun belongs to Lee Harvey Oswald."

Over the next year King learned a lot more about Texas law—and the law in general: 1. Under Texas law the weapon would not have reverted to the state even had Oswald lived to be convicted. 2. Texas is a community-property state, and since Oswald died without making a will, community property acquired during marriage would revert to the spouse. 3. The administrator of a community-property estate has a right to dispose of the



SHIPPING RECORD. C2766 was listed on government form when it left Italy. Riva sent 44,490 rifles to U.S.

WAREHOUSE. After reaching U.S. C2766 was stored in New Jersey before it went to Klein's store in Chicago.



SELLER. Klein's Sporting Goods store sent C2766 off to Lee Oswald, who saw it advertised in a magazine.

estate's assets in order to meet the estate's obligations, without referral to probate court.

Meanwhile, King lost no time. On Dec. 4, 1963, 13 days after the President's death, he wrote Mrs. Marina Oswald in care of the U.S. Secret Service in Dallas to this effect: "I am advised by my Dallas attorneys that your present whereabouts is being kept secret but that mail will reach you at the above address. I am most anxious to discuss with you a thoroughly legitimate business proposition which cannot be handled through correspondence—one which involves thousands of dollars for you..."

But making actual contact with Marina Oswald took time. At first all negotiations were arms-length between King's representatives and Marina's, but the process was complicated by frequent changes in Marina's spokesmen; they kept getting fired. Finally in July 1964 King sent his own representative.

"He walked up and pressed the doorbell and got her out of bed at 10 o'clock in the morning and said he wanted to chat with her," King remembers. "She tried to close the door but he said he'd come all the way from Denver to talk to her, so she let him in and turned on the hi-fi and made him some coffee. He got her signature."

It was not all that simple, however. Negotiations dragged on for months. There was a question of total future validity of Marina's title to her husband's estate. Her lawyers arranged for Marina to file a formal intention to become a U.S. citizen. That done, it was arranged for her to be formally appointed administratrix of the community property by the Probate Court in Dallas. As such she had the right to dispose of the estate.

But Marina was unwilling to kick up her heels and demand her rights in a strange country. "She was very reluctant about pressing these things," King remembers. "We tried to get it done in her name but she wouldn't stand hitched for that. She was afraid they would

cut her off at the pass someplace. Her desire all the time was to become a citizen of the U.S. and she was afraid to get too tough with any of these bureaucrats for fear they might, just whoosh, send her back off to Minsk."

Marina may have been bashful about asserting her rights, but that didn't mean she wasn't resentful about the manner in which the FBI had gathered up artifacts left behind by her husband, King recalls. The authorities had also taken her Russian-language cookbook in which she had made notes and between the leaves of which she kept her children's birth certificates. The FBI didn't want to give it back, King says.

Then came the question of price. What was C2766 worth? Obviously its intrinsic value was the \$21.45 Oswald had paid for it—or something in that neighborhood. But now C2766 was no longer some forgotten Italian private's G.I. issue; it was a piece of history.

The price was finally agreed upon. King was finally agreed upon. King was willing to pay that, but ahead loomed the possibility, the likelihood rather, that Marina would have to go to court to get possession. The lawyers thought a law suit might cost \$10,000. In the end they agreed to split the difference; Marina would get \$45,000 and King would pay the full cost of any suit. On New Year's Eve last, Marina signed the bill of sale. King paid her \$5,000 cash at once and later another \$5,000 and committed himself to pay the other \$35,000 whenever delivery could be effected. Thus Oswald, the lifelong failure, finally left an estate.

Now King could finally get the gun—he thought. But letters to the Justice Department, Chief Justice Warren, the FBI, the Archivist of the United States and personal visits and demands by King and his representatives have thus far failed to produce results. The government has declined even to dis-

cuss the matter with him. King does not, in fact, now know where C2766 is being held, or by whom. And so, late in May, he sued Attorney General Katzenbach in U.S. District Court in Denver for its physical possession.

The Attorney General did not reply. The court had given him 60 days to reply and has since granted an additional 30 days continuance. Instead, on June 29 last, Colorado Representative Byron G. Rogers introduced in Congress a bill, H.R. 9545, which would empower the Attorney General to decide which items among the evidence concerning the President's assassination should be acquired by the United States. King demanded that he be permitted to testify before the judiciary subcommittee considering the bill and was advised that he might. However, on Aug. 13 Representative Rogers advised him that the subcommittee had decided against holding public hearings "and hence you will not be extended the privilege of testifying..."

King's suit, as it happened, disturbed the composure of another John King, who, by chance, lives across the road from him in the exclusive Denver suburb of Cherry Hills, who belongs to the same Cherry Hills Country Club, who is also in the oil business, who also maintains offices in Denver's new ultramodern Security Life Building, and who is also a gun collector by hobby. The second King—no relation—is John M. King, as opposed to John J. On July 4 last, John M. expressed his dismay in a press release which said: "... I am ... writing to dissociate my name and intentions from that of John J. King who is now allegedly suing the federal government for possession of the assassination weapon."

"As a Christian, an American and a registered Republican, I deeply deplore the untimely passing of our great young President. I hold the instrument of his murder in repugnance and would not under any conceivable

circumstances wish to own it." Why, then, does John J. King wish to own it?

"I wanted to keep it out of the hands of the wax museum crowd. I knew they would be after it. Why, some bastard even offered her \$150,000 to exhume Oswald's body and travel around the country with it. I've signed it into the bill of sale with Mrs. Oswald that it'll never be exhibited publicly in her lifetime in any state where she resides. It belongs in a proper museum. I'm a Navy man. Kennedy was a Navy man—even though he was Reserve. I'm touched by that. I owe the Navy a lot. I really believe it belongs in the Naval Academy Museum—either there or in the Kennedy Museum they're building in Massachusetts. The point is that it's my property; I own it. The federal government does not. I'd rather trust myself to see that it goes to the proper place than trust some damned bureaucrat. How do I know they won't let it go to the wax museum crowd?"

Il facile maledetto. That cursed gun. Cursed indeed, C2766, in which particular hell or special hell does it belong?

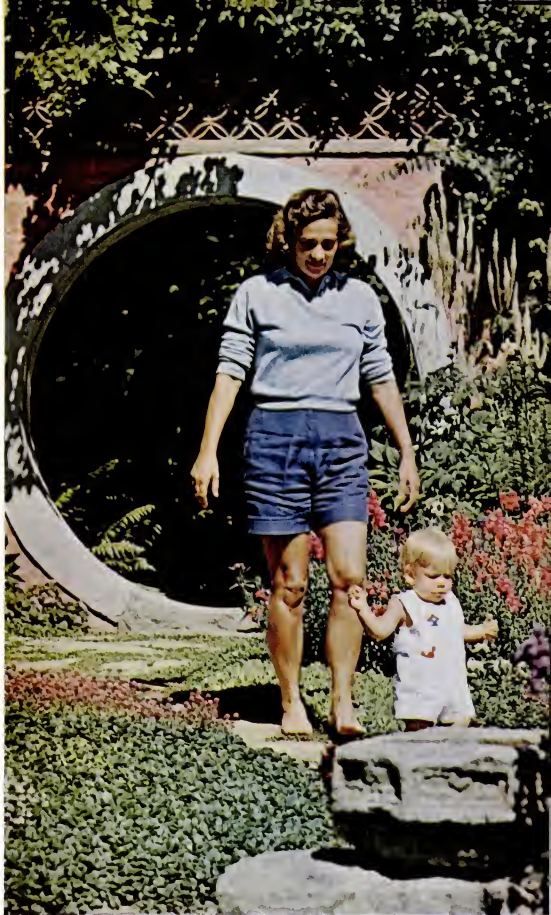
GUN FANCIER. John J. King bought C2766 from Marina Oswald and is suing the U.S. for possession of it.



At the Rockefeller estate at Seal Harbor, Maine, Nelson Jr. walks in a formal garden with his mother and sits on her lap, chortling over a cracker.

Nelson Rockefeller lives in chipper exuberance, daily finding new and exciting facts about the world around him. This is Nelson Rockefeller Jr., of course, 15 months old, in complexion and disposition a golden boy. His father is very well-known as governor of New York, a political figure and heir to a great fortune. Nelson Jr. is not at all well known to the public. These pictures show him for the first time in the life he leads in the various Rockefeller homes in New York and Maine. He spends much of his time with his nurse—but his face lights for his mother, Happy Rockefeller, a woman of immense warmth and charm, mother of four children by her first marriage. She is training him "to be a part of the family but not the center of it—that's too much burden for any child to carry." The governor, whose other children are grown and have made him 13 times a grandfather, delights in playing with his son and is fascinated by him. He thinks he already sees in the child the sense of presence and cool detachment which marked his own grandfather, John D.

**15-month-old
son of Happy and
Rocky is a golden boy**



MEET MASTER



ROCKEFELLER

Photographed by ALFRED EISENSTADT



The bright days of play and affection

Nelson Jr. spends much of his time in the nursery of the huge house on the Rockefeller estate at Pocuntico Hills, north of New York City. Here (above) his mother

feeds him with a practiced hand. At Seal Harbor (right) she often takes him to play in the magnificent garden where she can turn him loose to run about.



In the courtyard at Pocuntico, which is used by all the Rockefeller brothers and their families, Happy holds her son up for

a drink from a fountain that bubbles from a stone well. Then she joins him in the sandbox which is next to a large wading pool.

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The Governor, bent on introducing Nelson Jr. early to the huge collection of modern sculpture

scattered over the grounds at Pocantico, hoists him aboard on abstract horse by Marino Marini.

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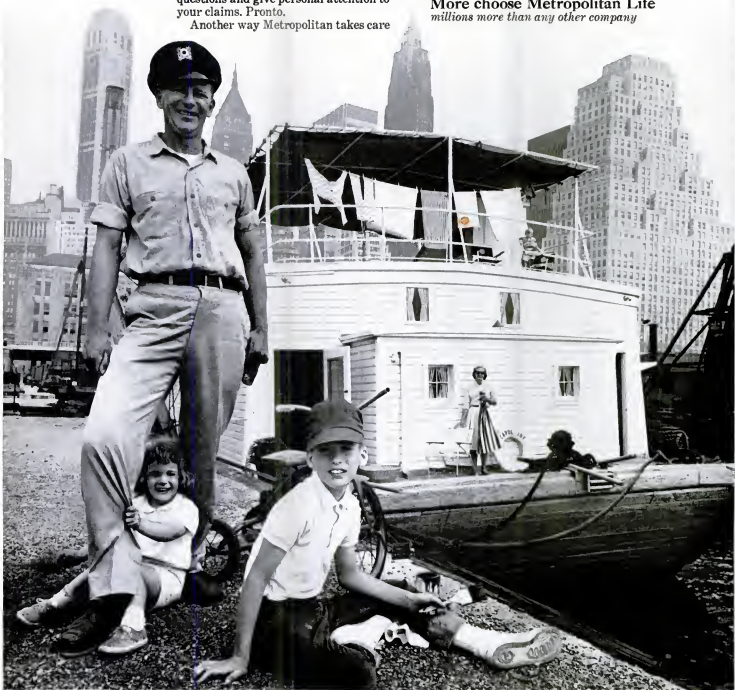
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The story of five hikers set upon by
America's most
fearsome beast

The Grizzly



ARTICLE BEGINS ON NEXT PAGE

'Bear! Bear! Bear with cubs! Get up a tree! Get up a tree!'

by ALBERT RUFFIN

The spectacular alpine setting of Montana's Glacier National Park is one of the last remaining refuges for the most awesome of all North American wild animals—the bear portrayed on the preceding page: Ursus horribilis, the grizzly bear. Feroocious and unpredictable, equipped with bone-crushing jaws and lethal claws, most grizzlies keep to the

high country and out of the way of man. Yet, as the number of animals in their sanctuaries grows, and the number of national park visitors continues to rise, attacks by grizzlies are also on the increase. Eight have been recorded in Glacier Park within the last six years, only one in the 20 years before that. This is the story of one of those encounters.

There were five people on the trail leading down from the mountain lake high within the park: Alan Nelson, 27, and Edmo Mazzar, 26, both of them seasonal rangers using their day off for fishing and hiking; Gote Nyhlen, 42, and Miss Brita Noring, 38, vacationing Swedish schoolteachers whom the rangers had encountered en route; and 10-year-old Smith ("Smitty") Parratt, the youngest son of another seasonal ranger-naturalist, Lloyd P. Parratt of Upland, Calif. The senior Parratt

was spending the summer in the park with his wife, Grace, and two other sons. Smitty often accompanied Nelson and Mazzar on their days off.

It was a five-mile hike from Otokomi Lake, where they had been fishing, along Roes Creek to Rising Sun campground, where Mazzar had parked his car. It was 2:45 p.m. on July 18, 1960 when the group decided to start back, walking in a casual, straggling formation. Alan Nelson, who was interested in flowers, discovered that

Gote Nyhlen was a botanist. They began to identify plant species along the trail.

Soon the downhill trail became very steep and they fell into single file: Ed Mazzar in the lead, followed by Nelson, Smitty and Nyhlen in that order, with Brita Noring bringing up the rear.

At 3:30, slightly more than a mile from the lake, they crossed an open meadow, spotted here and there with a few stunted firs. Far below they could hear the murmur of Roes Creek. Straight ahead the trail entered the forest.

Ed Mazzar, still in the lead, started around a slight curve in the path at the forest's edge. Suddenly his heart jumped. Twenty-five yards ahead of him lumbered a huge female bear with two cubs, coming up the trail toward the hikers. That ponderous hump on the shoulders, that sunken face, that great swaying head were unmistakable. It was a grizzly.

In that same instant the bear

lifted her head and froze, her tiny weak eyes trying to focus.

Mazzar turned and ran back up the trail toward his companions, shouting hoarsely, "Bear! Bear! Bear with cubs! Get up a tree! Get up a tree!"

Nelson heard the warning and repeated it. At first Brita Noring could not understand what the two Americans were saying. Then she made out the words: "Climb! Climb!"

The group scattered—Mazzar on one side of the trail with the Swedish couple, Nelson and Smitty on the other. Now the huge animal was in sight, running rapidly toward them.

Mazzar was the first to scramble up a tree, shinning himself out of reach. A short distance away, the Swedish couple arrived simultaneously at another tree. The man became confused but the woman cried, "Climb! Climb!" She pushed him in the back and he started clumsily up the trunk.

Nelson and Smitty, running at top speed, headed for a clump of trees, the boy behind the ranger. Now the grizzly was lunging up the hill straight toward the boy. When Smitty glanced over his shoulder and saw the bear almost on top of him, he flopped face down on the ground to protect his vital parts and tried to cover his head with his arms. The huge beast lunged and grabbed him.

Nelson turned sharply and saw the bear as it pounced, growling, clawing, snarling, tossing the boy about—"the most horrible thing I ever saw."

The bear started tearing skin off the back of Smitty's head. She half turned him over and raked her claws across his face. Then she picked him up and threw him so that he landed on his back.

Nelson, now standing behind an old and rotten tree, began shouting to distract the animal. The grizzly looked up, saw him—and charged.

Frantically, Nelson tried to get up the tree. Branches broke in his torn hands. He did get four or five feet off the ground, but the bear reared up, grabbed his buttocks with her teeth and pulled him

CONTINUED



Four years before his meeting with the grizzly, Smitty Parratt (right) sat proudly with his Scout leader father, his mother and his two older Scout brothers: Monty, 11, and Mark, 14.

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The Animal Ripped with Teeth and Claws

GRIZZLY CONTINUED

down. Nelson yelled "No! No! No!" as he fell, ripping through branches. He hit the ground with a crash and somehow managed to get over on his face. He could hear Mazzer shouting. "Stay on your stomach!"

The bear tore at him with teeth and claws, and seemed to be trying to turn him over on his back. Nelson felt that he had a better chance by playing dead, and the only fighting he did was to try to stay on his stomach.

The bear bit him in the thighs several times and then suddenly stopped. Apparently she had heard the others climbing their trees. The animal wheeled about and charged the Swedish couple.

Brita Noring was still on the ground when the bear reached her. The woman felt instinctively that if she stood quietly, she might be safe. The bear reared up and, for an instant, the woman looked into the great gaping jaws.

Mazzer in his tree was yelling wildly and barking like a dog to draw the grizzly's attention. The bear dropped at once and charged in his direction, but Mazzer was high enough to be safe.

Brita Noring began to climb but could get no higher than a few feet. She says, "I couldn't look for another tree because the bear was too near. I thought I was high enough. Then suddenly the bear came back."

The grizzly reared again and, with its jaws, caught her in the thigh and dragged her down.

Nelson said later that, lying wounded on the ground, "I could hear her screaming, and the bear growling and grunting and tearing at her, but I couldn't look."

Still holding Brita by the thigh, the bear dragged her from one side of the tree to the other and several yards through the underbrush. Then, Brita says, "For a moment she left me, and I thought now she was to go, but she came back and gave me a bite in the left arm. I thought I was finished, but then she ran away."

Still panting and grunting, the grizzly came around yet again, going from Miss Noring to Nelson, then to Smitty. All lay very still,

pretending to be dead. Mazzer and Nyhlen were safe in their trees.

For several minutes the bear remained, not molesting anyone now. Then she disappeared into the brush.

A deadly quiet descended on the meadow, broken only by the distant murmur of the creek down in the gorge. No one dared move lest the huge beast be lurking nearby, ready to charge them again.

Ten minutes passed. Twenty minutes.

At about 4:15 Mazzer and Nyhlen climbed out of their trees and went to Brita and to Nelson and to Smitty, checking their injuries. They found Smitty conscious but blood-soaked and unable to see. Obviously he was gravely wounded. Nelson was prostrate, his legs covered with blood. Mazzer knelt down beside him and the two rangers held a hurried conference. They decided that both Mazzer and Nyhlen should go for help. If the bear attacked them on the trail, one man might get through. As for the bear's victims, all the two men could do was try to make them comfortable and leave them as they were, on the ground.

Mazzer and Nyhlen started out, running at first, then proceeding more slowly in case the grizzly was still in the vicinity. Now, for the injured, began the long ordeal of waiting. The vast silence of the mountains and trees sank down upon them again. Lying there, 15 or 20 yards apart, the three felt a deep human need for each other. Despite the danger, they began calling quietly back and forth in their pain. Once or twice Smitty called out for help. His eyesight gone,



Two other victims of the bear's attack were vacationing Swedish schoolteacher Brita Noring and Alan Nel-

son, a seasonal Park ranger. Both of them were painfully clawed and bitten but not so seriously as Smitty.

he could not see the others. But he did not cry.

Nelson knew that he had suffered severe injuries and, because of the pain throbbing in his thighs, he wondered if he would ever be able to walk again. The sun beating down on him became uncomfortable, and he painfully dragged himself into some nearby shade.

Smitty, his face covered with blood, finally was able to open his right eye. Slowly, his face and body burning in agony, he pulled himself to his feet, took one unsteady step and fell wrenchingly on his face. Again he got up. This time he remained standing and found that he was in the middle of the trail. About 10 yards away he saw Nelson lying in the grass.

Nelson, racked by his own pain, was just rousing himself to call out again to the others when he heard an odd clumping sound, like "very heavy footsteps." He jerked his head around to see Smitty stumbling toward him, the boy's face, chest and body were bloody and terribly mutilated.

The ranger asked, "Smitty, can you see?"

"Yes, a little," came the answer. "But my arm is broken."

Nelson reached out and, touching him lightly, got the boy to lie down beside him. Opening his knapsack, he took out a shirt and sweatshirt. He covered the child's chest and arms and face to keep off mosquitoes and also to keep him warm. Smitty was shivering convulsively from shock. With the simple impulse of a child, the boy inched toward the adult to snuggle up for warmth. Using his arms, Nelson dragged himself toward Smitty and drew him close.

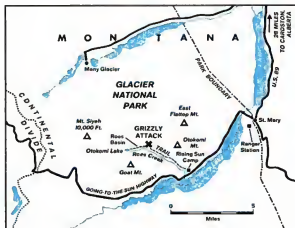
Now Smitty grew terribly thirsty and asked for a drink of water. Nelson had none, and even if he had he would not have given the boy any for fear of internal injuries.

Smitty told Nelson how he "played dead" after the first attack. He began to ask questions. His first was "Where is the Swedish lady?" For Nelson, she was only a faint voice somewhere across the meadow. Then Smitty asked about the rescue party and about his own condition. Nelson tried to ease his mind as best he could.

At 6:05 p.m. Ed Mazzer and Gote Nyhlen descended the last steep grade of the Otokomi Trail and emerged in the area of Rising Sun campground. They jumped into Mazzer's car and roared out onto the Going-to-the-Sun Highway, heading for the ranger station at St. Mary, six miles away. At 6:15 the car skidded to a stop before the residence of District Ranger James Godbold.

Godbold got up to meet the two men on the porch. He listened intently to Mazzer, then ran for the radio room of the headquarters adjoining his home.

Rangers, fire guards and trail crewmen piled out of trailers, cabins and dormitories. Within minutes a nine-man crew was outfitted



The attack occurred at about 7,000 feet in eastern section of the 1,600-square-mile Glacier National Park, shown on this map. Smitty was carried four miles down a rough trail.

CONTINUED



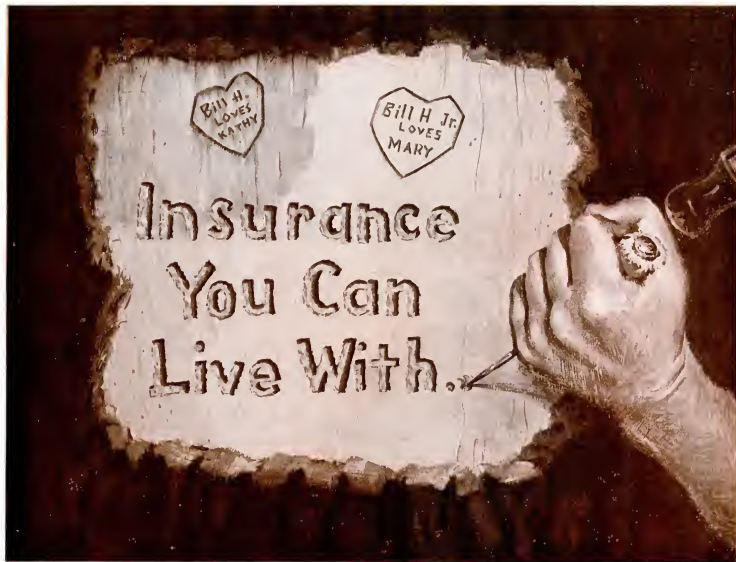
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'Don't Look at Him,' They Told His Dad

CONTINUED

with two standard stretchers and a special carrier equipped with two large bicycle-type wheels, first-aid supplies, blankets, a pack-set radio and two high-powered rifles.

In a nearby residence, Smitty's parents were having dinner with a fellow naturalist and his family. Someone had just commented on Smitty's being late when footsteps were heard on the porch. It was Mrs. Godboldt, the district ranger's wife. She asked Lloyd Parratt to step outside. In a few quick words, she told him about the grizzly's attack.

With Mrs. Godboldt, Parratt hurried to the ranger station. There Mazzer told him that he did not think Smitty was badly hurt, just bloody—but from the tone of the ranger's voice Parratt sensed the truth.

The first rescue crew left for the Rising Sun camp ground at 6:30. Follow-up crews were being organized, communications plans established. One man would stay behind at St. Mary as a communications anchor. District Ranger Godboldt would remain at Rising Sun camp ground to direct operations from a base camp there at the foot of the trail.

At 6:40 the first crew began the long ascent into the mountains, now darkening above them in the evening light.

At 6:55 Dr. Lewis Reese, resident physician for the eastern side of the park, received a telephone call at Many Glacier Hotel, about 21 miles northwest of St. Mary. He was told that a serious bear attack had occurred and that he was needed at once. He hung up the phone, shouted the news to his wife, a registered nurse, and reached for his medical bag.

At 7 o'clock a second rescue crew, consisting of 11 men, left the base camp that by now had been organized at Rising Sun camp ground. Lloyd Parratt was in this party. Twenty minutes later a third crew, consisting of five rangers from Many Glacier, set out from the camp, carrying another stretcher and more emergency equipment. In this group was Smitty's 19-year-old brother Mark.

At 7:45 Dr. Reese drove into the campground with his wife and a second nurse. They at once set up an emergency first-aid station under lights the rangers had begun to string up in the trees. Picnic

tables were covered with blankets, and blood plasma bottles were attached to poles. At the edge of the shadows stood three ranger ambulances. Godboldt kept track of things on a walkie-talkie that spluttered and crackled in the mountain night. The air was turning cold.

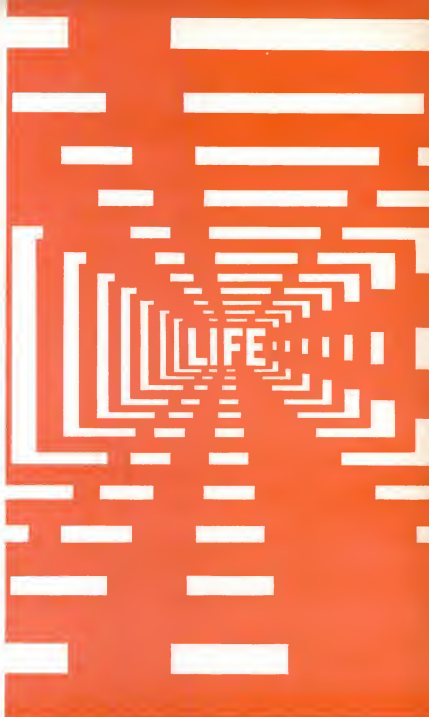
As Dr. Reese was arriving at the camp, an advance party of three men from the first rescue crew, carrying first-aid kits and a high-powered rifle, reached the scene of the attack. Cutting the low shadows with their powerful flashlight beams, they moved across the lumpy meadow toward the sound of Nelson's familiar voice. They found Smitty cuddled at Nelson's side, and not far away, Brita Noring. All three were conscious. No complaint came from the child except that he was now burning with thirst. Afraid to give him a proper drink, one of the men wet a clean handkerchief from his canteen of water and pressed it to the boy's lips.

At 8 o'clock the main body of the first rescue crew arrived. The first job was to bind up the more serious wounds so there would be no major bleeding as the victims were carried down the rough trail on a stretcher. During the bandaging, a member of the first-aid crew had to reach several times into the worst wounds to pinch blood vessels and stop the renewed flow of blood.

Standing apart from the group, seasonal ranger Al Kytönen turned on his walkie-talkie and in a low voice described the apparent condition of the injured to District Ranger Godboldt, back at base camp. Dr. Reese took the microphone and asked Kytönen a few quick questions, then gave him instructions for the first-aid crew. As he talked, another wheeled stretcher arrived in base camp from park headquarters at West Glacier, some 40 miles away. This was sent up the trail with a fourth crew. Godboldt was now in charge of a small army; he estimated later that there were 37 men on the trail alone.

At 8:30 the second rescue party reached the meadow, now a weird scene of stabbing lights and dark figures. Lloyd Parratt walked at once to where his son still lay on the ground beside Nelson, both of them covered with blankets. Straightening up from working over Smitty, a friend saw Parratt and moved toward him, blocking the view. "As another father, don't look at the boy," he said.

CONTINUED



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GRIZZLY CONTINUED

Numbly, Parratt walked over to Al Kytönen, who was using the walkie-talkie. The two looked at each other.

"Smitty is in bad shape, Lloyd."

A common impulse rose in both men. They bowed their heads and prayed together.

Shortly, the five-man group from Many Glacier emerged from the shadows of the trail. Recognizing his eldest son Mark among them, Parratt went forward to meet him and told him that one of the victims was Smitty.

At 9 o'clock the boy, now carefully bandaged, was lifted onto a stretcher, and the stretcher was placed on a wheeled carrier. The rescuers had agreed that the child, as the most seriously injured of the three, should be the first to be evacuated.

Front and back, husky men held the stretcher as it bumped on its big wheels down the steep and rocky trail. Others in the party kept their lights focused on the path. Guards with rifles at the ready moved in front and brought up the rear. One ranger stayed beside Smitty keeping a constant check on his condition.

Lloyd Parratt walked a few steps behind. He recalls that "Smith was rational and knew where he was, but continually called for water. All the way down I prayed and wondered if this was my last earthly journey with my son."

At about 9:15 Brita Noring was lifted onto a stretcher and her two-hour descent began. Nelson was started down a few minutes later.

Word of the incident had spread quickly through the area and vacationers visiting from all over the U.S. and Canada showed up at the base camp to help. Two women set up a kitchen. One St. Mary resident who happened to have four horses used them to haul in heavy lighting equipment. Other campers tore up sheets for bandages. They found slacks for the nurses to wear while riding up the trail to meet the evacuation parties.

Finally, at 10:45, the party with Smitty arrived at the foot of the trail. The boy was still conscious and able to talk briefly. Dr. Reese

Forty-eight hours after attack, Smitty lay in critical condition at Cardston Municipal Hospital. He was under heavy sedation and was being fed intravenously.

splinted Smitty's arm and placed it in a sling, then cleansed all the wounds as much as possible. He bandaged the boy's torn head and started feeding a saline solution through his veins.

Lloyd Parratt emerged from the trail, saw Dr. Reese working over Smitty, hesitated a moment and then decided not to go too close.

One of the ranger ambulances backed up to the first-aid area and Smitty, covered by blankets, was lifted into the rear of the vehicle, while a ranger climbed in to hold the bottle containing the saline solution. Two visiting tourists with compatible Type O blood also got in. They had volunteered to give transfusions. Siren wailing, the ambulance sped away into the darkness. Someone called the park church "so that we might have their prayers."

Forty-two miles to the north, the hospital at Cardston, Alberta, had been asked to get ready for the emergency. The staff had summoned two extra physicians from Lethbridge, 57 miles away. A Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman was also on the road from Lethbridge carrying two pints of whole blood—all that was available.

At the U.S.-Canadian border, customs officials had been alerted. Close to 11 o'clock they saw headlights coming from far down the road and opened wide the big wire-fence gates. Without slowing, the ambulance roared through, siren screaming.

Brita Noring, meanwhile, was carried into the base camp at about 11:20. Dr. Reese cleaned her wounds and applied pressure bandages. Then the second ambulance left for Cardston.

Five minutes before midnight, Smitty arrived at Cardston Municipal Hospital and was wheeled into the emergency room. Two minutes later, the precious two pints of whole blood arrived from Lethbridge.

CONTINUED



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The Surgeons' Guess: He Will Not Live

GRIZZLY CONTINUED

At 12:20 Brita Noring arrived at the hospital.

At 12:50 the party bearing the third victim, Alan Nelson, finally reached the base camp. Nelson was conscious but in extreme pain, with deeper wounds than the others. Dr. Reese ministered to him and the last of the ambulances left Rising Sun. Nelson arrived at the hospital at 1:45.

From midnight on, three and sometimes four doctors—with nurses and attendants—worked for a solid nine-and-one-half hours to complete surgery on the three victims. Brita Noring was found to have extensive lacerations of the right lower leg with severe muscle damage and loss of skin, severe lacerations to the right buttock and puncture wounds in the right shoulder. *Condition: satisfactory.*

Alan Nelson had severe lacerations on the back of both thighs and his right knee, with considerable muscle damage to his left upper leg. *Condition: satisfactory.*

Smitty Parratt had puncture wounds in his right chest, a collapsed right lung, two fractures apiece for each of five ribs, a compound fracture of the right upper arm, extensive scalp lacerations, extreme damage to the eye area of his face, loss of his left eye and a compound fracture of facial bones. *Condition: critical.*

At 5 o'clock in the morning Lloyd and Grace Parratt stood in the hospital corridor and listened to the green-gowned surgeons as they phrased the words: little Smitty probably would not survive; and if he did, he would be blind for the rest of his life.

In those first few days, while the boy's head and body were bound in bandages, all his parents could do was to sit by his bed, hold his hands in their own, and talk with him. The questions which only a child can ask were almost more to the mother and father could stand.

"Why did this have to happen to me?"

"Will I ever be able to play again?"

"Will I be able to go to school?"

"Daddy, something has happened to one of my eyes—why do they keep a patch over it all the time?" It required all of the gentle skill of the surgeons to explain to him that his eye had to be removed

because it had been torn by the grizzly.

His pain was excruciating. Infection brought on fever. Only a sunken socket remained of his left eye, and his right eye, when the bandages were removed, was so swollen that months would pass before partial vision returned. He lived in a world of soft darkness and raw suffering. And yet, amazingly, he continued to live. Then, finally, after long weeks, his condition began to improve.

In late July the Swedish vice consul from Calgary, Alberta, drove Brita Noring from the hospital to Calgary and placed her aboard a plane to New York, from where she flew to Stockholm. Her wounds were healing without complications. Shortly thereafter, Alan Nelson was back home in Bismarck, N.Dak., well on the road to recovery.

But for Smitty Parratt, an inexorable pattern lay ahead: operation, a few months of recovery, another operation, another healing period, and then another operation. The surgeons required many months between surgery, not only to give living tissue a chance to heal before beginning again, but also to give Smitty a period in which to recover from the shocks to his nervous system.

The surgery began as soon as the immediate threat to his life passed. In mid-August, 1960, the doctors recommended that he be flown to Los Angeles for specialized treatment in Children's Hospital. The first operation on the boy's face and eyes took place Sept. 8. Four days later, Grace and Lloyd Parratt sent a one-page Multihit report to their friends: "Smitty has a positive, happy attitude. He says, 'We can't go backward.' He is glad to be alive and believes that he will accomplish a mission in life. He expects to look like Smith again after plastic surgery."

They reported that the doctors found "some shortening of the optic nerve and muscles of the right eye. But he will have . . . vision despite certain handicaps when the swelling goes down. . . . The plastic surgeons will wait until healing is complete around his face before they proceed with restoration—this may be some time. . . ."

It was not until November 1 that the plastic surgeon, Dr. James Johnson, operated to remove dead bone from Smitty's right cheek. On April 18, 1961 he worked to remove and reduce scars in this area. Five more months passed,

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'When People Stare, then I Remember'

GRIZZLY CONTINUED

and the surgeons turned to another problem. Smitty had several large scars on his scalp, one of them an ugly welt on the back of his head that measured three-and-one-half inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide.

On Sept. 5, 1961 he began a series of operations to reduce these scars. On Jan. 9, 1962 Dr. Johnson performed a skin graft under Smitty's right eye. On May 17 he completed the skin graft on the right cheek.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the grizzly attack. Throughout this entire period, Smitty was still an invalid, able to return to school only for intermittent periods between operations.

Then, in the late summer of 1962, the injuries to Smitty's ribs brought on osteomyelitis, and in October he underwent his eighth operation at Children's Hospital. Portions of two ribs were removed. He rallied amazingly from this unexpected setback.

The surgeons once more turned to the scars on the boy's head, but Dr. Johnson's best efforts were unsuccessful. The large welt remained.

This was a particularly dark period for Smitty. He was in much pain and had to wear large head bandages. Again, he was out of school for weeks at a time. His 12th operation took place on June 11, 1964. It was the last performed by the family's beloved Dr. Johnson, who died three months later of a heart attack.

This turn of events left the Parratt family disconsolate. After four and a half years of care by a physician who had become a part of their lives, they now had to seek a new doctor. Soon "our prayers were surely answered" when they were introduced to Dr. Wilmer C. Hansen, a tall, warm-natured plastic surgeon who responded with instant sympathy for their problems.

The operations began again last December. First Dr. Hansen performed surgery to reconstruct Smitty's left tear duct. In April of this year, he set out to reconstruct the right tear duct (Smitty's good eye) but discovered that the area had been too badly shattered. Instead he removed bone fragments to advance the right medial canthus (the inside corner or fold of the eye), which had been displaced by the crushed bone.

Six weeks later, he went to work on the large, stubborn scar on the

back of Smitty's head. This time surgery was followed by X-ray treatments. At the end of this month, Dr. Hansen plans to perform one more operation on the scar. Sometime in the fall he will begin reconstructing a bridge for Smitty's nose and later—possibly next winter—he will attempt to reattach the inside corner of each of Smitty's eyes to either side of his nose. This, Dr. Hansen thinks, will allow his eyelids to assume a more normal position.

The medical expenses for Smitty's family have, understandably, been enormous. Mrs. Parratt, like her husband, had been teaching school, chiefly to help the two older boys through college, but she had to give up her job to care for Smitty. Recognizing the family's plight, Congress passed a bill (H.R. 4141, dated Dec. 21, 1963) giving the Parratts the privilege of bringing suit against the government after the two-year time limit had expired. (A previous suit brought by the victim of another grizzly attack in Glacier Park ended with a \$100,000 award to the victim, in 1961.) The Parratts' pre-trial hearing is scheduled for next month.

Smitty is now 15, a sophomore in Upland High School. How has this five-year ordeal affected him? "At first I was just nothing. I'd lie around the house after the operations. We had this little TV set at home. When I was back in school, I only made Bs and Cs."

In time, his grades improved. He began to participate again in outside activities. He joined the Explorer Scouts and there had the strengthening experience of being accepted by other boys, with no special privileges and no comments on his appearance. Barred from contact sports by his injuries, he went out for cross-country track and won two letters, one in the 660-yard run this spring. He plays the saxophone in his school band, although marching is difficult because of his limited peripheral vision, and he was chosen the best freshman in the band. On the basis of these achievements and his straight-A grades, the faculty selected him from a class of 400 as the outstanding freshman of the year.

Smitty feels life today is almost normal, "as if I hadn't had the accident. I don't think about it until people stare at my face—then I remember it. This is the hardest part, people staring at me and asking questions."

He decries the operations, but he feels that he can go on standing the ordeals. "I know they will help me," he says. "I can see the improvement already myself."

His love of nature is as strong as ever, and especially his love of Glacier National Park. First taken there as a baby of seven months, he continued to return with his family every summer, even after the accident. But this summer he has had to remain in California. It saddens him that for the first time in his life he has not been able to spend the summer in the great park.

At his home in Upland, Calif., Smitty practices on the piano. Within the next few weeks doctors will again operate on the stubborn scar behind his left ear.



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Call it a busman's holiday if you like, but never a holiday for the busboys. The very positions of the five illustrious chefs were enough to set the mouth of Escoffier to watering, and they had assembled to stew around over a weekend cookout for their families and friends. The *maitres de cuisine* were the White House chef, De Gaulle's former chef, the head chef of New York's La Caravelle restaurant, and the former head chef of Le Pavillon and the Colony. They started cooking on a Saturday forenoon at the East Hampton, N.Y. home of New York *Times* Food Editor Craig Claiborne. Finally, after a mass portage to a nearby island, they had everything ready by 5 p.m. Sunday, only 30 hours later.



Testing played a large part in two-day preparations. In the top picture the White House's Verdon samples a salad by Pépín, De Gaulle's old chef; Verdon was the group's most compulsive taster. Above: Vergnes and Verdon grill *Pigeonneaux à la crapaudine*, squabs amusingly dressed to resemble toads. Right: the fabulous feast begins on Gardiner's Island.

Happy Chefs Pierre Franey, Jacques Pépín, Roger Fessaguet, Jean Vergnes and René Verdon toast their production. Dishes are (top to bottom, left to right) beef salad, mussels ravigote, mixed fruit in watermelon basket, *pâté*, cold stuffed lobsters, bluefish in white wine, green beans and tomatoes vinaigrette, cheeses, marinated weakfish, vegetable salad, potato salad, lobster, watermelon, grilled squash, poached striped bass.



CONTINUED

A crise de foie ends with joie de vivre

Any French meal assumes a *crise de foie* (liver upset) after the food is eaten. This cookout had a *crise de foie* during the preparations, but it involved pork liver, not human liver. On Saturday afternoon the White House's René Verdon got ready to make *pâté*. La Caravelle's Roger Fessaguet looked despondent. "There isn't any pork liver," he said. "There's only calves' liver."

"It won't be so good," Verdon glowered. "Could we get some pork liver?" Fessaguet plaintively asked. "I've already been to every shop in town," the host replied.

Fessaguet delivered an ultimatum. "If we make *pâté*, we make it according to our recipe!" Two people scoured eastern Long Island in a Land Rover, ran out of gas and returned on foot two hours later—with pork liver.

The hottest culinary argument (between Verdon and Fessaguet) concerned the conversion of a

French measurement into one or two tablespoons of pepper. (One tablespoon won.)

Late Sunday morning the scene shifted from the East Hampton house to a deserted beach on Gardiner's Island. The logistics involved four cars and gassed-up Land Rover, two boats and two pick-up trucks. Benches and tables were improvised from driftwood, and—*zut alors!*—Verdon got a splinter in his thumb. Potatoes and onions were mislaid. Fessaguet looked benighted. "In my kitchen," he said, "I follow the *système organisé*."

Only once did five kids, one dog, the wind and guests get in the way. "Please don't walk so close to the food or we'll have lobsters stuffed with sand!" pleaded De Gaulle's man, Jacques Pépin. The Colony's Jean Vergnes, who is now with a bank's dining rooms, had it figured out right: "Cooking makes *la joie de vivre*." And all agreed that too many cooks did not spoil the broth.



Chef Franey, who left Le Pavillon to become a Howard Johnson's executive, savors the meal in solitude, washing it down with California wine from Bacarat crystal.

Jubilant chefs and diners join hands in a ring dance after the feast. An accordionist played *Après de ma blonde* as a 3-year-old reveler (right) beat in time.



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My Visits with Kosygin and Tito

by W. Averell Harriman

On a recent tour, officially described as a "vacation," U.S. Ambassador at Large W. Averell Harriman held talks with Premier Kosygin of the Soviet Union and President Tito of Yugoslavia. Here he reviews of those visits.

Once again I found myself back in the long narrow room at the end of the Kremlin offices—this time to call on Chairman Kosygin instead of Stalin or Khrushchev. My mind went back to the first time I walked into that room to meet Stalin in 1941. It was a grim period. We could hear the guns at the front outside Moscow.

The changes in the city since then are marked, not only from the tensions of the wartime struggle, but other conditions have changed, too. To Stalin the Kremlin was a fortress to protect him from the people. Khrushchev made it a public park, and today it is thronged with visitors.

The meeting room in the Kremlin has changed little. Huge photographs of Karl Marx and Lenin still decorate the walls. The furniture appeared the same as always—a desk at one end and a long conference table lined with chairs. On the table were the usual bottles of mineral water. Stalin had put the table next to the wall, whereas Khrushchev had moved it closer to the windows. Kosygin has it by the windows, too.

In the past, dealing with Stalin and Khrushchev, I had become accustomed to plain talk in that room. This time, Chairman Kosygin and I, too, spoke our minds. Standing in front of his desk, he greeted me cordially with *zdravstvuyte*—the Russian "hello"—and we sat down at the table. No time was wasted in diplomatic amenities. I was accompanied by Foy Kohler, our capable ambassador to the Soviet Union. Kosygin had with him Mikhail Smirnovsky, head of the American section of the foreign office.

Aleksei Kosygin is a quite different man from either of his immediate predecessors. He is serious, with an occasional smile—unlike the earthy, free-wheeling humorist Khrushchev or the cold, calculating Stalin. Mr. Kosygin looked me directly in the eye, and seemed to try to judge my reaction to his statements. He spoke with the assurance of a man confident in his position as head of the govern-



Ambassador Harriman returns to familiar towers of Red Square.

ment. I had known Kosygin first when he was deputy chairman of the Council of People's Commissioners during World War II and I had discussed supply problems with him and Mikoyan. In 1959 I had a long talk with him when he was head of the Gosplan, the central planning agency of the Soviet government. He showed then that he was pragmatic rather than doctrinaire when dealing with production matters. He used such bankers' terms as "capital turnover." He said that one of their problems was to invest where they could get the quickest return. Kosygin believes in decentralization and incentive, and I think will encourage more experiments to meet the increasingly complex problems of production under the Soviet system.

This doesn't mean that the Soviets are moving toward a capitalist economy. Quite the reverse, Kosygin clearly indicates that he is a firm believer in the Communist system. He agrees with his predecessors that Communism is the way of the future and

those who oppose it are interfering with the trend of history.

I gained the impression that Kosygin is as keen as any American to avoid the disaster of nuclear war. He has spent his career helping to develop Soviet science and industry and he does not want to see his life's work destroyed. He told me that the United States and the Soviet Union had an obligation to control nuclear weapons while we still had the preponderance of nuclear power. The objectives he has in mind are similar to the ones we have: nonproliferation, a comprehensive test ban agreement, reduction of military expenditures, and so forth.

But, of course, there is a big difference between having a common objective with the Soviets and finding ways to achieve that objective. We must remember that the Soviets still have a closed society. Inspection and verification, which would seem quite normal and natural to us, are objectionable in a closed society. The Russians have a historic aversion

to people roaming around in their country. Limiting contacts with foreigners is a means of controlling their Communist society and of course proved to be a valuable military asset to them during the war.

I remember Mr. Khrushchev once said when I asked him why he hadn't accepted President Eisenhower's open sky proposal: "Does President Eisenhower think I am a fool? We know everything that goes on in your country from buying your newspapers and periodicals, which don't cost much; whereas you know little about things in the Soviet Union." It must have been a great shock to Mr. Khrushchev to see the detailed U-2 photographs and perhaps that was why he reacted so violently to the incident.

There are other matters beside Soviet secrecy that stand in the way of an agreement on mutual control. Mr. Kosygin stressed that at the moment Vietnam is the highest stumbling block. And this is one reason why he wants to have it settled. But beyond that, it hits, I believe, on one of the major preoccupations of the Soviet leaders: namely, their conflict with Peiping and competition with Peiping for leadership of the Communist international movement. I doubt the Soviet Union wants to see Red China expand in Southeast Asia. But I feel sure that the Soviets will not raise a finger to act as a mediator in the war in Vietnam. They do not want to appear to be in collaboration with what they call the "imperialist forces of the United States." Peiping has already accused them of doing just that. The Soviets resent our bombing a fellow Communist country and will support North Vietnam, not only with military supplies but also in its position at any conference table.

In the course of our talks, I told Mr. Kosygin that we agree peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union should be our mutual objective. But I asked how they could reconcile this objective with support for the so-called "national liberation movements" all over the world. These, to us, were clearly cases of outside intervention and we considered Soviet support of them as aggressive acts. To Mr. Kosygin they are in line with the historic trend and when the U.S. tries to stop them we are trying to halt history.

However, I was not in Moscow to

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SPECIAL REPORT CONTINUED

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negotiate. My purpose in seeing Mr. Kosygin was to make sure that he understood the policies and objectives of the President, the American government and the people. There is always a chance that a misunderstanding will lead to dangerous decisions. In turn, Kosygin wanted to be sure that I didn't misunderstand the Soviet position. Our two talks were frank and at times blunt. I think we both got our positions across. For this reason alone the talks were valuable.

After our discussions, I left with these strong impressions: that at least after a settlement in Vietnam there is real hope of making further progress in control of nuclear weapons; that to discourage support of "national liberation movements" we must continue to give our full efforts to help those peoples who are ready to stand up for their freedom against Communist subversion and aggression. And most important of all, at this time, we must show that through the determination of the President and the people of the U.S. to support the South Vietnamese, the aggression from the North to take over South Vietnam by force will not succeed. Only then will Hanoi be brought to the conference table.

My hope is that if the free world is able to check Communist aggression and subversion wherever it crops up, the present Soviet leaders will incline toward support of fewer international adventures and concentrate more on internal development.

My talks with President Tito in Belgrade and on the island of Vanga were freer and more intimate than those I had in the Soviet Union. I first met Tito during the war when he visited Moscow, and I had called on him at the request of President Truman in August 1951. At that time he was concerned that Stalin would unleash the eastern European satellite armies to invade Yugoslavia in order to impose his own Communist regime. We helped Tito with planes and tanks and other equipment at that time and he has not forgotten it.

Tito has been quite blunt in his criticism of Peking. Although he expressed his strong opposition to our

bombing of North Vietnam, I gained the impression from our talks that he considers Red Chinese aggressive attitudes a danger to peace. I gathered also that Red China's attempt to arouse racism among the Africans and Asians is as abhorrent to Tito as it is to us. He thinks we make a mistake in supporting reactionary governments, but when I asked him whether he would include Yugoslavia when we had come to his assistance during his confrontation with Stalin, he only laughed.

He believes that if the Soviet Union and the United States can find ways to work together, peace in the world can be preserved. He, himself, believes in nonalignment, and I think he would like to see a neutral Southeast Asia result from a settlement in Vietnam. He is more of a nationalist than his Russian counterparts. And although he didn't say so, I think that he is inclined to let history decide the future organization of other states as long as he is left to develop the socialist economy he envisions for Yugoslavia. The Balkan countries are, of course, behind Western Europe in development, and he clearly wants to catch up.

My wife and Tito's wife, Mrs. Jovanka Broz, had much time to talk while Tito and I were engaged in discussions. Mrs. Broz was one of the guerrilla fighters during the war and spoke fearfully of the hardships and brutality of the Nazi occupation. She described with pleasure her many trips with Tito throughout Yugoslavia and to other countries.

On his island retreat of Vanga in the Adriatic, Tito drove me around in an electric cart—something like an elaborate golf cart—and pointed out with great satisfaction his garden, orchards and vineyards. His living quarters are a series of simple but attractive pavilions looking out on the sea. Tito appeared vigorous and in good health and was much more relaxed than when I visited him during the tense days of his row with Stalin. With all the informality and beauty of the surroundings, I was reminded of the official character of Tito's life by the presence of a pair of naval vessels on patrol in the waters around the island.

At his White Palace, President Tito is host to Harrison.



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In the Scandinavian Land of the Midnight Sun, a summer afternoon's swim can last right into the next morning, simply because there are extenuating circumstances—night never quite falls. When a Swedish vacationer named Tommy Wener decided to go for an evening dip in the Baltic Sea off the resort island of Gotland, he naturally did not intend to make it—

or himself—a long-drawn-out affair. It did seem a fine idea, however, to let a friend take a snapshot so he'd have something to cheer him up when those long winter nights set in. Just before the photographer's shutter clicked, another vacationer who was swimming nearby decided to take a long look at the shallow sandy bottom, and Wener took on a long look too.



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